THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 156 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · FEBRUARY 27, 1943 NUMBER 9

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Published weekly and copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. by The Nation, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 8, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 856 National Press Building.

The Shape of Things

SINCE THEY LOST THE EARLY RACE TO overrun the Tunis-Bizerte triangle before the Axis could organize its defense, the Allied forces have been endeavoring to hold a line roughly bisecting Tunisia from north to south. The aim was to confine the Germans and Italians in a comparatively narrow corridor where they could be constantly harassed by our fliers while the Allied command built up communications and made ready bases for a grand offensive to drive the enemy into the Mediterranean. Possibly these preparations were carried out in too leisurely a manner; more probably they sought 100 per cent perfection. At any rate, Rommel struck first with a degree of strength which came as an unpleasant surprise. Using his favorite *Panzer* tactics, he hit at a weak spot in our lines, where American troops had recently taken over from the French, and rolled back the entire right wing until it rested on the Algerian frontier. Now he is making a new thrust toward the Kremamsa Plateau which, if successful, would almost certainly necessitate the Allied evacuation of the important railhead of Tebessa and at the same time force a retreat in the center. Latest reports as we go to press suggest that our forces are rallying, but the situation will remain dangerous until the salient which the Germans have created north of Kasserine is eliminated.

*

ROMMEL'S STRATEGY IS GENERALLY SEEN as an example of the defensive-offensive. He is thought to be seeking elbow room in southern Tunisia and to be intent on widening the gap between the Allied forces and General Montgomery's Eighth Army, which is pushing steadily across the border from Tripolitania. He may also hope, by means of a series of swift, hard blows, to disorganize the northern sector of General Eisenhower's command and thus free his own troops to deal with General Montgomery. But an entirely different complexion would be put on Rommel's maneuvers if reports of German concentrations on the Spanish border were confirmed. His drive would then appear as part of a gigantic pincer movement to inclose the whole of French North Africa and the Anglo-American expeditionary force, on which so many of our hopes for speedy victory are built. We should have to divert forces to protect

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Gibraltar, and our reserves in Morocco would be tied up to guard against any incursion by the big Nazified army of Spanish Morocco. The conquest of Tunisia would have to be indefinitely postponed.

*

ON THE DAY THAT MME CHIANG KAI-SHEK appealed to Congress not to ignore the menace of Japan, the Japanese announced that they were launching a new series of offensives in China with the purpose of driving that country out of the war. A fairly large Japanese army has been assembled on the Burma border and is attempting to push into China's back door through Yunnan Province. Another major drive has been launched north of Shanghai toward the rich central provinces of Honan and Shensi, while a third is apparently directed against Changsha, where the Japanese have met with three previous disasters. Heavy fighting has also been reported from the Canton area, where Japanese penetration has never been deep. It is somewhat difficult to assess the strength of these new offensives. The Japanese insist that they are strong enough to crush Chiang Kai-shek entirely, but Chinese reports indicate that the Japanese may merely be seeking to gain large-scale propaganda values out of minor military maneuvers. They serve, however, to underline Mme Chiang's warning that Japan actually has far greater resources at its command than Germany. Although it is highly unlikely that Japan can muster enough strength to drive China out of the war, a successful offensive at this time would not only add greatly to China's economic difficulties but interfere materially with the possibility of an American attack upon Japan in 1943.

*

EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS FOR THE biggest hunt Washington has known in many seasons. New Dealers are the game, and the sportsmen are divided into three bands of friendly rivals. Masters of the hunt are Martin Dies, Eugene Cox, and Howard W. Smith. Between them, Dies and Smith already have been allotted $135,000, and the personnel of their respective parties has been decided. Dies will have three of his veterans—Noah Mason, J. Parnell Thomas, and Joe Starnes, who several seasons ago tried to tree Christopher Marlowe until someone pointed out to him that Marlowe has been a dead fox lo these 350 years. Of the four newcomers to the Dies team, Mundt of South Dakota and Costello of California are cut out for the sport. Courtney of Tennessee will probably go along for the ride, and Eberharter of Pennsylvania, to judge from his record, will replace Voorhis as the hunter whose heart is with the fox though he rides with the hounds. Voorhis is switching to the Smith team, where he will have a fellow-sufferer in Delaney of New York. The sympathies of these two faint-hearted huntsmen will be more than offset by the determination of a Southern Democrat, three Republicans, and Smith himself, all panting for Administration pelts. Game rules have been fixed. Cox's preserve is the Federal Communications Commission. Smith can hunt wherever he likes on the self-imposed condition that he doesn't "interfere with the war," "investigate the acts of the President," or indulge in a "labor-baiting expedition." He himself will determine when these rules are being violated. Dies, too, has a pretty free rein, but a fourth band, fitted out for another $100,000, will step in if he kills the wrong fox and declare the animal innocent. Tallyho!

*

IN REPORTING OUT THE KILDAY BILL THE House Military Affairs Committee has struck a heavy blow against the development of a sound man-power policy for the prosecution of the war. The Kilday bill would defer from the draft all married men within a state until all single men, regardless of their work, had been taken, and would defer all men with children until all childless men had been drafted. The bill was specifically designed to frustrate Paul V. McNutt's recent "work-or-fight" order, which seems to have been misinterpreted. The fact that this order was issued some ninety days before it is to go into effect shows that it was not intended as a device for speeding up the draft of fathers but as a means of diverting men from non-essential to essential industries. Every person on the non-deferrable list has been given ample opportunity to shift to more essential work, and evidence that an effort has been made in this direction is to be regarded as cause for continuing the deferment. The Kilday bill ignores occupation, skills, and even physical fitness, and would virtually make dependency the sole factor in determining who shall be deferred. An amendment to the bill even goes so far as to make it illegal for the Manpower Commission to set up categories of non-essential workers for draft purposes. Meanwhile, a group of Senators under the leadership of Bankhead have attacked the selective-service policy from a diametrically opposite position. They are seeking to force the deferment of every bona fide farm worker whether or not he is engaged in the production of food. In this field Congress seems to be adding heavily to the "bureaucratic" confusion it complains so much about.

*

"THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE IS REMARKABLE," writes a friend from an army camp. "I think the Germans are going to retire all the way to the border, claim to be defending Europe against bolshevism, wait for Rickenbacker to be elected President, and hope to win the war that way." We are glad that the War Department has disowned Captain Rickenbacker's attacks on labor. The hero himself showed signs, briefly, of thinking he might

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have gone too far; last week he said that when he denounced workers for absenteeism he meant both management and labor! But he has not changed his blind-spots, and his latest speech was a boring, blatant repetition of all his other effusions. For the record, he is an old-fashioned reactionary who hates unions and the New Deal; he is also a big employer. That is why, incidentally, he has been doubly a hero to the valets of big business—the labor-baiters high and low. He pretends, in attacking labor, to speak in the interest of "our boys." But the standards he would break down will be "our boys'" best protection against exploitation when the war ends and the labor market is overstocked, to the benefit of employers. The Captain may have been a hero in his Pacific adventure, but he shows himself to be something less than that when he sets up a soapbox in the limelight that is temporarily his and talks as if workers on the assembly line were slackers hugging safe berths while the men in the services take all the chances. The fact is that from December 7, 1941, to November 15, 1942, 44,500 men were killed in the foxholes of industry as against 5,694 in the armed forces.

*

119 MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, MOST OF them Laborites, voted against the government at the end of a three-day debate in the House of Commons on the Beveridge plan. This is the largest vote which has been cast against the Churchill administration on a major issue, and it would have been larger but for a closing speech by Herbert Morrison, Home Secretary and one of Labor's two representatives in the War Cabinet. Earlier in the debate statements by Sir John Anderson and Sir Kingsley Wood on behalf of the government had suggested to many members that the government was lukewarm on the subject and anxious to postpone until after the war even the preliminary steps toward enlarging social security. Anderson accepted some parts of the Beveridge plan in principle but rejected others and said the whole thing would have to wait, while Wood talked ominously about "the rights of the overburdened taxpayer." Morrison sought to remove the bad impression made by his ministerial colleagues by assuring the House that "the government has no wish to do a double-cross on this." Of the twenty-three changes proposed by Beveridge, he said, the government has accepted sixteen, left open six, and rejected one—significantly, the conversion of industrial insurance into a public service, a proposal bitterly opposed by insurance interests. Morrison's speech suggests that full agreement on the plan has not been achieved inside the government and that the decision to postpone action was taken in order to prevent war unity being shattered on a domestic issue. But as S. K. Ratcliffe pointed out in these pages last week, the Beveridge plan has seized the imagination of Britain, and it will not be easily thrust aside. It is becoming in fact *the* political touchstone distinguishing those of all parties who look forward from those whose slogan is "as we were."

*

RAILROAD RATE INCREASES WERE GRANTED in 1942 on the excuse that the roads needed the extra revenue to meet a wage increase and certain other costs aggregating some $360,000,000. Actually the increase in war-time traffic was so huge that net railway operating income in that year was more than double the income in 1941. After deduction of all fixed charges and expenses, the roads earned $1,720,000,000—two and a half times as much as in 1941 and seven times as much as in 1940. Even without the emergency rate increases, the roads would still have earned an income of $1,450,000,000, which is far above pre-war levels. The OPA, through its special counsel, Max Swiren, and its economic adviser, Richard V. Gilbert, has appealed to the Interstate Commerce Commission to revoke the rate increases on the ground that railroad earnings are high enough without them. Gilbert estimated "very conservatively" that even if rate increases should be eliminated, net railway operating income in 1943 would be $2,610,000,000, or almost 34 per cent more than in 1942. These profits are huge enough to make up several times over the $725,000,000 in new wage increases now being asked by the railroad unions. The railroads seem to be the leading profiteers in this war. Last time the government was more sensible. It took them over.

*

AN OKLAHOMA CITY POLICEMAN POSING AS an oil-field worker went to a Communist bookshop in that city in July, 1940, and bought a series of pamphlets published by the party. In August of that year the bookstore and three homes were raided on liquor search warrants and eighteen persons were arrested. Four were tried, convicted of criminal syndicalism, and sentenced to pay $5,000 fines and serve ten years in jail, a punishment almost worthy of a Nazi People's Court. The Oklahoma Criminal Court of Appeals has now reversed the convictions of three and remanded the cases to the lower courts, where we hope the original indictments will be dismissed. Judge Dick Jones, the presiding member of the court, wrote an opinion that does honor to his own good sense and to the good name of his state. He held that the prosecution had failed to produce evidence that the Communist Party was guilty of plotting the overthrow of the government or that the individual defendants had engaged in any such activities. The court went farther and in the best American tradition deplored prosecution for opinion. Judge Jones's plea for the wisdom of giving people "an opportunity to let off a little steam . . . against the possible wrongdoings of the government" would have delighted Holmes.

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Bombing Tactics and a Western Front

THE recent promises of new fronts against Germany suggest that blows are being planned not only against the "soft under-belly of Europe" but against the Nazi's hard breastworks in the north and northwest. The advantages of striking near to the heart of the Axis are obvious. Moreover, an offensive launched across the Channel or the North Sea involves the minimum strain on Anglo-American shipping and enormously facilitates the provision of air support. On the other hand, the Germans have been intensively fortifying these coasts for more than two years, and if called upon to repel invasion, would be able to use the most complete network of communications in Europe for the purpose of bringing up reinforcements and supplies.

We have to take into account also the fact that, despite tremendous losses on the eastern front, the Axis still commands more trained man-power than do the Allies. Thus an attempt to penetrate the western defenses of "Fortress Europe" is not a task that can be undertaken without tremendous risks until means have been found of nullifying the factors favorable to the defensive.

Fortunately the means are at hand. Anglo-American air power is now growing rapidly on the basis of a productive capacity far exceeding that of the Axis. Fighting on three fronts—Russia, Africa, and Western Europe—the Luftwaffe is being forced to spread its strength ever more thinly. It has lost its superiority in the west and can only retaliate weakly against massive raids on German cities.

The idea that Germany can be knocked out by bombing alone has very little influential support; almost all authorities agree that invasion by land forces is essential to its final collapse. But air power can and must prepare the way by softening the inner defenses of Hitler's fortress, by crippling his war industries, disorganizing his transport facilities, and disintegrating the morale of troops and civilians alike.

This is the contention of a striking new book "The Air Offensive Against Germany" (Henry Holt, $2) written by Allan A. Michie, who as a correspondent has studied the war on many fronts. Mr. Michie has derived much of his material from official British sources and evidently reflects to a considerable extent the views of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, chief of Britain's Bomber Command. It was Harris who last summer, at the time of the great thousand-plane raid on Cologne, warned Germany that an all-out bombing offensive was about to start. The plans on which he based this statement have, however, since been disrupted. Planes he was counting on had to be diverted to other theaters, and the support he was expecting from the American Air Force in Britain failed to materialize. The R. A. F. has continued to wreak havoc on German cities, but it has not been possible to administer to the fifty key centers of production the kind of paralyzing punch which Cologne, Essen, and one or two other places have suffered.

This does not mean that the R. A. F. has been wasting its time. Mr. Michie provides an impressive catalogue of vital war factories destroyed. He quotes from reports compiled by the R. A. F. showing the extent to which German economic life has been disorganized by the forced evacuation of millions and by the wholesale destruction of houses. There is no doubt that bombing has seriously reduced the efficiency of the German production front, but the dose has not yet been heavy enough to cause the kind of breakdown which would open the way to an invasion.

The R. A. F. experimented with mass daylight bombing early in the war but soon decided that when directed against heavily defended objectives it was too costly. The Luftwaffe reached the same conclusion only after suffering tremendous losses in the Battle of Britain. Daylight precision bombing, however, remains the central feature of American air tactics. It has been defended by a number of American authorities as making possible round-the-clock bombing of German objectives, with American planes attacking by day and the British by night. Actually, nearly all the American raids in the past eight months have been directed against targets in France. Only twice have the Flying Fortresses and Liberators ventured over Germany itself, and on both occasions the chosen target areas were northwestern coastal areas. No attempt yet has been made against any objective which would require a long flight across enemy territory in the course of which successive waves of Nazi fighters would be encountered. Mr. Michie suggests that such a raid would prove extremely expensive since the bombers would be forced to exhaust their ammunition beating off a series of attacks.

There is no doubt that daylight precision bombing can effect the maximum damage on the enemy when conditions are favorable. But they seldom are in Western Europe, Mr. Michie points out, for owing to the prevalence of mist and ground haze objectives are usually not clearly enough defined to allow perfect aiming from a great height.

The situation then, according to this book, is that saturation bombing of Germany is called for as a preliminary to invasion of the Continent. But the R. A. F. alone has not enough bombers to do the job, and so long as the American Army Air Force sticks to its theories, it cannot play a major part in the battle.

There are technical questions involved in this controversy on which we do not feel able to pass judgment. Mr. Michie, however, has stated his case moderately and backed it with impressive facts and figures. It clearly de-

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serves close consideration, and it is disappointing to find the army dismissing it by means of a statement by Major General Eaker, air commander in Europe, declaring that "well-meaning individuals" who argue against daylight bombing are "more dangerous to the Allied cause than any fifth column." This resort to abuse can only strengthen the impression that the army would rather lose a battle than revise a doctrine.

Hitler's Subtlest Poison

THE Jews of occupied Europe could do with a little less pity and a little more help. We are tired of statements from Washington and London deploring the mass murder of the Jews by Hitler and declaring that the moral conscience of the world is shocked thereby. The truth is that the moral conscience of the American and British governments, always flexible, is not so much shocked as blunted. For when definite measures are proposed to help the victims of these horrors, the State Department and the British Foreign Office, though ever so politely, turn away.

A dispatch from London to the New York *Times* reveals that Rumania is willing to permit the transfer of 70,000 Jews who have been driven by the Nazis out of their homes and into the border territory of Trans-Dniestria. The Papal Nuncio is prepared to handle the arrangements, and the Vatican will supply its flag to protect the necessary shipping. If no ships are available the refugees could be sent by land to Istanbul and through Turkey to Palestine. Has the State Department followed this up at the Vatican? Is the British Foreign Office willing to let these poor folk join others of their people in Palestine? The answer, of course, is no, but that need not remain the answer if American editors and organizations bring pressure on Washington for action.

Men cannot accustom themselves to stand silent and indifferent before injustice and inhumanity anywhere without subtly poisoning and coarsening their relations with one another everywhere; without weakening the impulses that make for the preservation of freedom and justice; without undermining their will to resist the despot and the tyrant. The value to Hitler of butchering the Jews of occupied Europe lies precisely in the corroding effect that the repetition of cruelty and familiarity with arbitrary and barbarous government have upon the moral fiber of the democracies. That we are already becoming calloused is shown by the apathy that greeted the publication by the American Jewish Congress of the documented story of Nazi atrocities against the Jews, though the story itself is unparalleled in the long history of persecution. It is too late to help the dead, but there is still time to help the living. Let us start with the 70,000 in Trans-Dniestria.

The Red Star Rises

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

NO WEEKLY journal can match the tempo of the Russian advance. Leagues are covered while the presses run, and discussion of the significance of the recapture of Kharkov is made meaningless by the fall of Krasnograd. The only interesting speculations are those which themselves advance far beyond the present front and consider the consequences of a Russian victory more sweeping than the boldest "expert" dared suggest a month ago. The Nazis' 1941 "winter line" has already been overrun and its key anchors lost. Observers in Washington and in neutral observation towers in Stockholm and Berne have begun to talk about a probable stabilization of the front along the line running from the Baltic to Odessa—a line backed by the Pripet Marshes and the upper reaches of the Dnieper River. But the Soviet army may break through these predicted positions as it has through those established in earlier guesses. And even if the experts are right and a combination of spring thaws and extended communications checks the Red Army, it seems most unlikely that the depleted and exhausted Nazi troops can launch another major offensive this spring—much less conquer Russia in the long run. In spite of the losses and hard fighting that lie ahead, Stalin has won the Battle of Russia.

Reactions in the West to this tremendous reversal on the eastern front are curious and contradictory. Official public comment is, on the whole, carefully enthusiastic. The tributes to the Red Army on its triumphant anniversary were generous and sounded genuine. But the anxiety now openly expressed in many conservative quarters—even by some persons wholly in favor of fighting Hitler to a finish—shows how precarious are the underpinnings which hold up our alliance with Russia. Opinion in these quarters seems to be almost equally divided between a conviction that Russia will stop fighting any moment now, leaving the other Allied powers in the lurch and Hitler in control of Western Europe, and a fear that Russia will not stop fighting at all but will push on and on until all Europe is engulfed in the Bolshevik tide. Both fears, in their most extreme form, are absurd. Both have a few seeds of reality which circumstances might nourish.

Stalin is neither an altruist nor a fool. Neither is he an imperialist. He never wanted to be dragged into a world war. He wanted the security of Russia's frontiers. He was ready, from the time the Soviet Union joined the League, to accept the obligations of collective security, seeing in this method the only chance of averting the disaster that has overwhelmed the world. As long as any hope remained, his Foreign Minister, Maxim Litvinov, fought a tenacious fight at Geneva to turn the

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pretense of collective action into a reality. The betrayal of Spain by the major Western powers practically ended Russia's dream of a united front against the Axis threat. The collective surrender at Munich, and the exclusion of Russia from the four-power conference that emerged from it, drove Litvinov out of office and the Soviet Union into isolation. And the explicit knowledge that the Chamberlain government had been trying to interest Hitler in a campaign of expansion to the east rather than a general European war was not calculated to quiet Stalin's deep-rooted suspicions of the Western powers.

Russia will never again willingly permit itself to be jockeyed into such a position. And today it is strong enough to choose the policy which will best serve its national interests. That policy might be either one of armed isolation, buttressed by a group of satellite states, or one of conquest and revolution. It is up to the other Allied powers, Britain and the United States in particular, to decide whether they want a victorious Russia to adopt either of those courses. A return to pre-war power politics, built on a system of reactionary states held together by American food and Allied arms, would confirm Russia's old fears—fears which Allied foreign policy during the war has done little to dispel. If control in post-war Europe is restored to the elements in each country that fear social change above all else and seek only to protect the privileges of church and army and business, then Russia will make trouble—not because Stalin is an imperialist bent on conquest or an altruist concerned with extending the benefits of collectivism to the rest of Europe, but because he is selfishly concerned with ending the threat of Western power politics to his own position and Russia's security.

Peace with Russia can be won and kept by creating a Europe in which democratic elements control the diplomacy of each nation, in which the ordinary people control the government, in which collective security means more than pompous resolutions adopted by statesmen with fingers crossed and tongue in cheek. Harold Laski's article in this week's issue, though directed primarily to British labor, offers the only promising prescription for creating such a Europe. It should be read by all those fear-mongers who shiver at the westward march of the Red Army. Unfortunately they are the ones least likely either to see or to heed it.

Eight Hopeful Congressmen

BY RICHARD H. ROVERE

Washington, February 20

"FRANKLY I don't know what to do. Before I came to Washington I had a good, responsible job. I could measure the results of my work. Here I do nothing but sit and listen and get hopping mad. I'm a liberal, but there aren't many liberals where I come from, and I can't depend for support on a few people in Chicago or New York. If I say what I think, I'll never see the next session. If I compromise on the small things and wait for the big ones, I'm likely to lose my own self-respect, and I'll probably lose the next election too. I don't know what to do, but I know damn well I'm not a professional politician, and I don't have to do this for a living."

Realistic, if not too hopeful, these remarks by one of the few newly elected liberals to the House of Representatives suggest the dilemma confronting his colleagues, though most of them do not share his sense of futility. In the light of Congressional antics during the past few weeks, it may be cold comfort to learn that there are any liberals at all in the Seventy-eighth Congress. Exactly how many there are it is as yet impossible to say, for many Congressmen are still unknown quantities even to their fellows. But I recently talked with eight, and there are others, perhaps eight more, in addition to the handful left over from the preceding Congress. Most of them, more sanguine than the one I have quoted, point out that strictly on party lines the balance of forces is fairly even, and that in close fights the weight of the liberals can make itself felt. At any rate they are ready to try.

Who are these men? How, in a year when the tides were running the other way, did they manage to get elected? Except to say that all are liberals of firm conviction, it is difficult to generalize about them. Aside from Will Rogers, Jr., none of them was well known outside his own district before the election. All are solidly behind the President's foreign policy, and most of them made that their chief campaign issue. But not all were elected because of this view, and some won in spite of it. All are sympathetic to labor and were supported by the unions, but four of the eight come from rural areas where the labor vote is insignificant. The truth seems to be, as so often it is in American politics, that they were elected less because of their stand on specific issues than because they appeared to the voters to be more honest and reasonable men than their opponents.

George E. Outland of California is one of three professors among the new liberals. Coming from a district made up of four agricultural counties along the coast, he

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was bitterly opposed by the Associated Farmers, the powerful pressure group of California's large landholders. He won by 784 votes in a race so close that its outcome was not known until the absentee ballots of soldiers came in from the fighting fronts. The job of selling himself to voters was made no easier by the fact that he argued against confiscation of the land and machinery belonging to Japanese farmers moved inland after Pearl Harbor.

Before he took up teaching, Outland was a social worker who specialized in the problems of boys. After graduating from Whittier College in California and taking advanced degrees at Yale and Harvard, he worked at the Hale and Denison settlement houses in Boston and at the Neighborhood House in Los Angeles. In all three places he was in charge of boys' work. He is the author of "Boy Transiency in America," a standard book on the subject, and for a time he succored youthful hoboes as the California director of the Federal Transient Service. Later he taught sociology and government at Yale and Santa Barbara State College.

Most of Outland's attributes are of the sort one always associates with the successful leadership of young men. He is decisive in his opinions, aggressive, and physically formidable. But there is about him none of the prim smugness of a Gene Tunney. His ideas are generous and carefully conceived. An intense person, he looks upon Congress as a place in which to fight. "I've been wanting to fight fascism ever since Franco started this war, and now I've got the chance," he told me, as if he could swing at Hitler from the House floor. He is on the Labor Committee, and he wants to put up a fight for the National Youth Administration, a particular interest of his, and for post-war social legislation.

Michael J. Mansfield, Democrat, of Missoula, Montana, is the successor of Jeannette Rankin, the one pacifist in the Seventy-seventh Congress. He is far from being a pacifist himself. He has been in all three services and from his experience has come a desire to befriend all service men. At the time of the last war he was only fourteen. But he lied about his age and was accepted by the navy. In 1919 he received an honorable discharge, but having no other trade, he promptly enlisted in the army. After a two-year hitch, he got out of the army and joined the marines. He served abroad in the Philippines, China, Japan, and Siberia. A good part of his time he spent studying the culture and problems of the countries where he was stationed. When he left the Marine Corps, he found himself with no money and still no training for anything but the life of a professional fighting man. For several years he worked in the Butte copper mines and studied on the side. In 1929, when he was twenty-seven, he was admitted to Montana State University. He specialized in history and political science. When he graduated in 1933, the university hired him as an instructor in those subjects, and he studied for a master's degree. He taught at Missoula until his election last fall.

Although he is intensely concerned about the war and is a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Mansfield wants to concentrate his energies on issues closer home. Strongly pro-labor, he is a charter member of the American Federation of Teachers.

Daniel Ellison, Republican, of Maryland, is first of all a clean-government man. No other issue, he feels, could account for his election last year from a Baltimore district in which there are three Democrats to every Republican. He took a strong stand on the war, but so did his opponent, and he doubts whether that had anything to do with the election. He is a liberal in domestic affairs, too, but even so he feels that he was elected only because he had a long and clean record in city politics.

Compared with a man like Mansfield, Ellison's background is prosaic. He was born and brought up in Baltimore. He studied law at Johns Hopkins and the University of Maryland and has been practicing it in Baltimore for more than two decades. For the past twenty years he has been a member of the City Council, and in all but one of his five four-year terms he has been the only Republican member. He has a reputation in Baltimore as an honest politician, and when he decided to run for Congress last year, he got the Republican vote and about 35 per cent of the Democratic vote. He is the first Republican in his seat since 1896. The Baltimore Sunpapers lined up the middle class for him, and the unions got out the labor vote. In fact, almost no one but his opponent came out against him.

In Congress Ellison is likely to be a quiet but effective worker. Cautious and scholarly in his approach to a problem, he is also a capable politician, as is evidenced by the way he has upset Baltimore tradition.

Walter H. Judd, Republican, of Minneapolis, defeated Oscar Youngdahl, a veteran of the House isolationist bloc, in the Minnesota primaries last autumn. By profession Judd is a surgeon. As a young man during the last war he served as a medical officer in the field artillery. Until 1938, except for two years of study and practice at the Mayo Clinic, he was a Congregationalist medical missionary to China. In that year the Japanese blasted him out of house and home and took over the large mission hospital of which he was supervisor. No way remained for him to help China except to come home and carry on the fight in America.

A Nebraskan by birth, Judd stumped the Middle West for two years asking for aid to China. Often he made as many as three or four addresses a day. But although he spoke eloquently, the results in that period of appeasement were discouraging. Feeling that it was a waste of

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his energies, he gave up speaking and settled down in Minneapolis. He had acquired a large and prosperous practice by the time bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. Suddenly people began to remember his warnings against Japan, and the hundreds of talks made two years before became tangible assets. The Cowles newspaper interests boomed him for Congress, and the unions supported him. He beat Youngdahl in the primaries and won by a fairly narrow margin over his Democratic opponent, whose views on most questions differed only slightly from Judd's.

Judd is a small, frail man of tremendous nervous energy. Although he is not too optimistic about what he can do in Congress, he has a program neatly prepared for himself. "I want to get to the bottom of the State Department business," he told me. "I thought the White Book was the most insipid kind of apology for the most insipid kind of policy. I'm eager to see what can be done about that, and I want to do all I can for China. Two very practical things can be done: to end the poll tax and the immigration exclusion act. Both of them rankle in the mind of the Orient. We may win the war without getting rid of them, but we won't be able to prevent another one."

When I saw Will Rogers, Jr., he had just finished dictating a batch of letters to the mothers of boys in the army tank-destroyer division. He wanted to assure them, he told me, that in that branch of the army their sons would be well fed and cared for. Before he came to Congress Rogers was attached to the tank destroyers for seven months, and he is deeply devoted to them. That nostalgic sentimentality is perhaps the only way, apart from the strong physical resemblance, in which Will Rogers, Jr., is like Will Rogers, Sr.

Will Rogers, Jr.

Young Rogers is earnest, almost solemn, where his father was spoofing; militantly partisan where his father was a friend to everybody. He is terribly serious about the responsibility he bears as a young man of fighting age who was whisked from the army into Congress by his friends and supporters in the suburbs of Los Angeles. In the election campaign which put him into office Rogers played almost no part. He was in officers' candidate school, working for his lieutenant's bars.

Long before the war, however, Rogers was deeply involved in politics. He had been in Germany with his parents around the time that Hitler came to power. Later he was a correspondent in Spain for the McNaught Syndicate, and he was greatly moved by the tragic end of the republic. As publisher of the Beverly Hills *Citizen,* which he edited with journalistic distinction, he contributed a great deal toward making the motion-picture colony consciously anti-fascist. He was a logical choice, therefore, to run against Leland Ford, one of the cleverest of the Dunderheads. Rogers won by 10,000 votes, and his is perhaps the only clear case in which foreign policy was as much an issue in the voters' minds as in the candidate's.

Rogers is a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee. He makes no bones about his dislike of the State Department. "I think the whole mess in the State Department ought to be investigated by Congress," he said. "I don't like the Peyrouton affair, and I was disgusted by the White Book. I want an investigation as soon as possible." Alone among the new liberals, he was able to get the floor to speak against the Dies committee in the recent debate on appropriations. He is appalled by the berserk hatred for Roosevelt which he has encountered among his Congressional colleagues. In a radio speech made a few weeks after the session began, he remarked with astonishment that some of them were not above attacking the President through his wife and through his sons fighting on the battlefield. If these Congressmen dared to say to the men of his anti-tank force what they have said on the floor of the House, Rogers declared, "they would have their faces punched."

LaVern R. Dilweg of Green Bay, Wisconsin, also was elected as a liberal Democrat, but the fact that he was an all-American end for Marquette University and the Green Bay Packers unquestionably did him no harm. Tall, dark, and handsome, with a glint in his eyes as steely as Gary Cooper's, he could have won plenty of votes on any ticket. Fifteen years ago Dilweg was known as one of the outstanding athletes in the country. After Marquette he signed up with the Packers, then as now one of the most powerful of all professional football teams. His prestige in the athletic world was not diminished by his marriage to Eleanor Coleman, the swimming champion.

Dilweg got out of football in 1933 and devoted himself to his legal practice, which he had built up in the time he could spare from the Packers. Much of his work was done for farm cooperatives and trade unions. Since 1934 he has handled legal assignments for the Home Owners' Loan Corporation and the Federal Housing Administration. These connections and his association with his partner, G. R. Clifford, a liberal attorney, unquestionably molded his politics. At any rate, it was Clifford who persuaded him to oppose Joshua L. Johns, a Repub-

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lican Representative who, together with Hamilton Fish, had toured the country for America First. Dilweg had the support of the Progressive Party and the personal aid of Senator La Follette.

When I asked him to what he attributed his victory over Johns, Dilweg told me a good deal about the local farm situation and his program for domestic reform. Then he added, just a trifle shamefacedly, "Most people are hero-worshipers, you know. Of course they don't always realize it, it's subconscious and all that." When the opposition called him a Communist in the campaign, he simply asked the voters if they could imagine an all-American end being a Communist. They could not. All his campaign literature carried the 1942 schedule of the Green Bay Packers. Dilweg has the makings of a popular political figure. It is a fairly safe bet that he will represent the Eighth Wisconsin District for some time.

Harold C. Hagen, Farmer-Laborite of Crookston, Minnesota, is a new Congressman, but he is hardly new to Congress. For the past eight years he has been secretary to his predecessor, Richard T. Buckler. Twice in that period he was president of the Congressional Secretaries Club, and in 1937 his colleagues honored him by naming him the most valuable secretary in Congress. For a time he was parliamentarian of the "Third Congress," a kind of mock legislature made up of employees of both houses. In Washington he has been known as a more influential figure than many an elected Congressman.

Word of these distinctions got back to northern Minnesota, and when Representative Buckler, who was in his eighties, decided last year to retire and back his secretary as a suitable successor, Hagen had an easy time of it. Like Buckler in the last session, Hagen is the only Farmer-Laborite in Congress.

He is a liberal by inheritance as well as by conviction. Fifty years ago his parents came to Crookston from Sweden and immediately began to publish a Populist weekly, *Vesterheimen,* which for years was the Bible of Scandinavian farmers in the corn belt. Hagen edited the paper himself after his father's death, but not for long, for by that time the need for a Swedish newspaper had passed. After a period as a school teacher he became editor of the Polk County *Leader.*

The eight years he spent as Buckler's aide have made Hagen an excellent strategist. He knows what it is possible to do in Congress and what is impossible. He is neither as hopeful nor as despairing as some of the other liberals. His enthusiasm for the war far exceeds his party's, and although there is no real labor movement in his district, he is strongly pro-labor.

Howard J. McMurray is among the most interesting of the newcomers. He is a short, quick-spoken man in his early forties; a university professor, urbanely academic rather than pedantic. Before he taught political science at the University of Wisconsin, he was an executive of several large air lines in the Middle West. A licensed pilot and an aviation enthusiast, he was on his way into the army air force when some of his neighbors urged him to run against Lewis D. Thill, one of the worst obstructionists in the last Congress.

Howard McMurray

The Milwaukee district which Thill represented is traditionally isolationist and heavily populated by people of German descent. In recent elections it has consistently gone Republican. No set-up could have seemed more unpromising for a man of McMurray's views. He had spoken for armed intervention as early as the summer of 1940. As a lecturer he had frequently indorsed Clarence Streit's Union Now, and last summer he addressed a conference of the Union for Democratic Action at Fond du Lac. In seeking the Democratic nomination and in campaigning against Thill, he insisted that the war was the principal issue, and he did not hesitate to advance his neo-Wilsonian views on the peace. Yet he won by 6,000 out of a total of 98,000 votes in a three-cornered race.

McMurray is an ardent internationalist. He thinks that foreign policy is of transcendent importance, and he sits on the Foreign Relations Committee. But he is a liberal in domestic policy too. A few years ago, when he was working for his doctorate at Madison, he wrote a thesis on the influence of the university on Wisconsin liberalism. At the time he was an admirer of the La Follette movement but is so no longer. I got the impression that he has fears for the future of the Progressive Party, some of whose leaders, he believes, have dangerously demagogic inclinations.

Even added to the few aging Young Turks who have survived recent elections and to whatever other new liberals may turn up, these newcomers may be unable to initiate policies, but there are other ways in which they can be effective. Three of them are members of the Foreign Affairs Committee, and two serve on the Labor Committee. A veteran of Congressional liberalism recently told me that in his experience the progressives are always at their best when their only possible job is to pose issues, not settle them. There will be plenty of issues to pose in 1943 and 1944.

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The Charming Mr. Baruch

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 19

BERNARD M. BARUCH, who has been building up his personal influence for months from a suite in the Carlton, is expected to return to power as a result of the renewed battle which has broken out between civilian war-production authorities and the armed services. This growing influence has many sources. Baruch is shrewd and charming. He likes people. He has money. Several Southern Senators and Director of Economic Stabilization James F. Byrnes are beholden to him for past campaign contributions and also for his good advice and friendship, for Baruch is no ordinary fat cat of politics.

Baruch gets along equally well with conservatives and New Dealers. He is consulted by Cordell Hull and he is consulted by Ben Cohen. He has more understanding of social issues than is common in one of his class and background. But while he does not pander to the vulgar prejudices which pass for political thinking in some sections of Wall Street, he is safe enough by their standards, as the Baruch rubber report showed. Whether or not the Standard Oil crowd took him into camp, they certainly got what they wanted from him. He may not have been as gullible as Conant or as complaisant as Compton, his colleagues on the rubber board, but he went along. The reward, for Baruch, was the kind of favorable publicity the press reserves for those who serve its ultimate masters. For Baruch, it was a glorious return to the spotlight, and his vanity is commensurate with his ability, which is admittedly great.

Why do so many people consult Baruch? He has been around for a long time and knows the ropes. He has sense. He is *simpatico*. He has a capacity for smoothing out ruckuses, a valuable talent in a town as full of them as Washington. He knows how to handle the press. The picture he has built up of himself is that of a contented old man feeding the squirrels from a bench in the park opposite the White House and occasionally running into old friends who stop to chat a while with him. This is a masterpiece of public relations. When Cissie Patterson's sheet disturbed this idyllic picture with the story of the big dinner party for Hopkins, Baruch hastened to wipe out the nasty story with a $1,000,000 contribution to war charities. And judging from the way he is now treated in the *Times-Herald*, he must have Cissie eating out of his hand.

It is my impression that Mr. Roosevelt does not like Baruch. They are too much alike; both are charmers. Mr. Roosevelt feels about Baruch as a young married woman does when her mother tries to help her by showing her the right way to handle a maid or a baby. He resented Al Smith's attempt to "help" him when he first succeeded Smith as Governor, and there is reason to believe that he has been irked by Baruch's burning desire to show him how *really* to run a war. Baruch's vigil in the park across the way may have been a boon to the squirrels, but it was an annoyance to the President. It was a kind of humble picketing—"Mr. Roosevelt is unfair to elder statesmen."

Now it looks as though Baruch's moment had come. The Under Secretaries of War and the Navy are furious with WPB Chairman Nelson for dismissing Vice-Chairman Ferdinand Eberstadt and giving full scheduling powers to Vice-Chairman C. E. Wilson. The army-navy crowd are powerful and united, and the President will have to do something to appease them. His usual method of dealing with these intra-Administration squabbles is to set up a new super-board, and the indications are that there will be a new one, with Baruch as top man, on production. The army and navy supply chiefs would like Baruch in that job because his conception, like theirs, is that the civilian agencies should concentrate on materials and leave procurement and scheduling to the military and naval supply services. Baruch is satisfactory to big business because he is a strong believer in leaving a major part of war production to the industry committees. But he is also smart enough to make considerable concessions to labor, perhaps also to work out a compromise under which Wilson would have enough power over scheduling to do his job.

This current quarrel can easily be over-simplified and over-dramatized. It is only superficially a military-civilian struggle. Only 9 per cent of the men in the War Department's services of supply are regular army officers; the rest are business men in uniform. It is a clash between two groups of big-business men, one linked with the military bureaucracy, the other somewhat tenuously allied with New Dealers and labor. I think it would be unfair to accuse the military crowd of bad motives. They fear interference with their supply programs if Wilson actually digs down into the job of scheduling, for to schedule he must rearrange contracts, and in rearranging he will be passing on whether we need this gun more than that tank. It is easy to understand the desire of the military to keep the supply program in their own hands. Unfortunately, when a $260-billion war order is sud-

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denly imposed on an economy which never generated more than $80 billion worth of income a year, the whole structure must be tightened up if the job is to be done. I have a great deal of respect for Wilson and believe that he is right in this dispute, but I should like to see it peacefully resolved, for the Under Secretaries of War and Navy also command respect and consideration.

Nelson, a very weak man, fired Eberstadt and delegated all power to Wilson from fear as much as from conviction. He felt that Eberstadt and the army-navy crowd were out to get his job, and he is staking his future on Wilson. Wilson started out to break the bottlenecks in the war-production program. These bottlenecks are in items which go into the final manufacture of many different war materials. But to get more aluminum extrusions for aviation, he found that he needed power to rationalize and schedule aluminum production. This is not popular with the aluminum industry. And to get maximum production of aviation, Wilson found that he had to go to the other end of the process and try to change army-navy specifications. Obviously escort vessels can be built more quickly if you concentrate on one type instead of six, but at this end he stepped on the toes of a lot of admirals. It seems to me that the size of the program and its urgency point to the need for centralizing full control of the program in one man's hands, and that man a civilian. For only a civilian can mediate between army and navy.

In my opinion Eberstadt represented too completely the Wall Street monopolist point of view to do an all-out job, and his dismissal by Nelson was all to the good. But labor and liberals cannot stop short at supporting Nelson and Wilson and working for the Tolan-Kilgore-Pepper bill for a streamlined civilian-headed war agency. Wilson will find it much easier to break bottlenecks, to force through emergency methods and the use of emergency facilities in making components, if instead of depending on industry committees as he now does he also has the help of labor and small-business committees. For a fight between big-business men is not likely to result in a more democratic war-production program, and if we are to meet this year's goals we need the fullest help from small business and labor as well as from big business.

Add Water and Serve

BY ROSS L. HOLMAN

WHATEVER else the war does to our way of life, it now appears to be going to revolutionize our eating habits. The increase in dehydrated food to meet war needs is tremendous. Dehydration means nothing more or less than taking another useless element out of food before offering it for sale. That is water. Selling food without water is like selling onions without the tops or chickens without the feathers. Tomatoes, for instance, are 95 per cent water. Quick drying reduces 100 pounds of them to about 5 pounds of red flakes. Nearly all the vitamins, minerals, calories, etc., are wrapped in those few pounds of still visible tomato. Beans, cabbage, carrots, and other vegetables are reduced to shreds, powders, flakes, or chips.

Dehydration is not altogether new, though it is just now becoming important enough for most of us to hear about it. We have been manufacturing dried milk and powdered eggs since the First World War. The Egyptians sun-dried certain meats thousands of years ago to preserve them until they were needed. But it took the pressure of bottlenecks and blitzkriegs to give the idea widespread application. In one respect the quick drying of food serves the same purpose as quick freezing. It keeps it from spoiling. If you want to preserve a strawberry by the latter method you smack it with a blast of sub-zero temperature that holds its food values in a state of suspended animation until ready to serve. It is now recognized that water is the thing that makes most perishable foods perish. So you dry out the water.

Before the war there was very little dehydration except of milk and eggs. But the army and navy found it fitting so well into our war strategy that it has grown rapidly. In 1940, 5,000,000 pounds of dried vegetables were processed by seven firms—mostly for soup mixes. The goal for the year ending June 30, 1943, is set at 100,000,000 pounds, and for the year following at 400,000,000. The production of dehydrated apples has been stepped up to a 1942 output of 28,000 tons as compared with 13,000 in 1940. Apricots rose from 10,600 tons to 24,700 in the same period; meat from practically nothing in 1940 to a projected 60,000,000 pounds in 1943 and 120,000,000 for the year after that. Even the production tops in eggs and milk, which represented nearly all our pre-war dehydrating industry, have increased tremendously, and in the case of eggs have been doubling and redoubling so many times they make you dizzy. From a measly 10,000,000 pounds in 1939, dried eggs leaped to 240,000,000 pounds in 1942, with a prospect of 300,000,000 pounds in 1943; and skim milk from 408,000,000 pounds to 600,000,000.

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An industry that is allowed to skyrocket at a time when construction bottlenecks are accumulating like barnacles on a ship must have tremendous war usefulness. To begin with, it relieves the strain on our shipping when ships are worth their weight in priorities. One shipload of quick-dried foods is equivalent to ten shiploads of fresh. If dried foods had been shipped in the first year of lend-lease instead of the perishable products, the equivalent of eighty ships would have been saved for other duties. Think what it will mean in terms of the vastly increased transport needs of 1943-44. If these foods were handled fresh it would take thirty to forty times as much bottleneck metal to haul the useless water bound up in them as to build the dehydrating plants needed to blast it out. Also, if you ship perishables fresh you not only have to give them a lot of cargo space but provide for refrigerating machinery as well. Dried foods keep almost indefinitely in containers of fiber, paper, cellophane, and other materials. This fact has had vital significance since Japan took more than 90 per cent of the tin with which we used to do our canning.

The saving of bulk and weight in food supplies gives an army in the field more mobility and allows a besieged force to store enough food to hold out almost indefinitely. One reason surrounded German garrisons in key Russian strongholds like Rzhev, Millerovo, and Stalingrad were so difficult to overcome was that food in dehydrated form was flown in to them by plane.

A paratrooper or commando can carry in his kit a three weeks' supply of food in the form of powders, flakes, and briquettes. He has only to add hot water, and dinner is ready. The extent to which our armed forces are making use of these different advantages is a military secret, but the tremendous increase in dehydrated foods is practically all devoted to war needs.

Even as a nation's armed might travels on its stomach, its peace-time existence cannot be kept peaceable if it hasn't enough food. That applies not only to our country but to the peoples of Europe, whom we shall have to feed until they can readjust themselves to a normal business economy. Our merchant ships can deliver dried foods ten times as fast as they were able to take food to Europe at the close of World War I. To the most critical areas, such as Greece, converted Flying Fortresses could each deliver ten tons of dried food with amazing speed.

Dehydration means a saving not only in storage space but in consumer costs. Freighter costs, of course, will be cut tremendously. Moreover, these dried foods can be

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packed in cheap containers. Soup powders may be put in envelopes; tomato flakes in cardboard packages like cereals; oyster powders in oversized capsules. Beans, carrots, onions, potatoes, cabbage, beets, and other perishables will be reduced to flakes, powders, shreds, or chips, and reconstituted (or rehydrated) on the consumer's table by the addition of hot water. Some foods, such as string beans, can, when freshened with water, be restored almost to their original appearance. In a recent test some army dietetic experts were served fresh and dehydrated vegetables at the same meal and couldn't tell the difference.

During World War I crude efforts were made to dehydrate potatoes, but the resulting product was nothing to smack the lips over. Consumption of it by the A. E. F. was part work and part patriotism. Our present dried potatoes do not taste like cured swamp grass but like the spuds they are supposed to be.

While the leakage in vitamins varies with the class of foods dehydrated, the average loss, according to experts, is usually not more than 10 per cent. In many cases the vitamin deterioration is less than that of the fresh vegetables or fruits to be found on grocery counters.

Many authorities visualize the coming industry as an efficient method of storing crop surpluses. Perishable foods will not have to perish or be expensively refrigerated. The unused abundance of bountiful crop years will be dried and held in an ever-normal larder for years of scarcity, and thus the peaks and valleys of production will be smoothed out.

Dehydration is done in different ways, depending on the food processed and the company doing the processing. One manufacturer dries tomatoes by reducing them to a paste and spraying them on a steam-heated drum. The paste covers the drum in a thin layer 3/1000 of an inch thick, and when dried out is scraped off in a thin sheet like red tissue paper. This is broken, ground and packaged for market. In general, dehydration utilizes high temperatures, forced circulation of air, and sometimes controlled humidity.

Since practically all dried foods are now used for army, navy, and lend-lease, no one can predict with certainty just how our peace-time consumer market will respond to this method of processing. Dried-out food shreds are not going to have the show-window attraction of fresh garden and orchard products. An unprocessed juicy red apple will still have its juicy red appeal. But even if the dried-food boom is deflated by post-war conditions, there will not have to be any serious scrapping of plants. Practically all present dehydration is handled by established food industries which have merely added quick-drying equipment to their existing processing facilities. Deflation, however, is improbable. The dehydrating industry offers too many advantages to the consumer to be easily killed off.

In the Wind

REPRESENTATIVE HUGH D. SCOTT, JR., of Pennsylvania, contributed this thought to the celebration of Lincoln's Birthday in Philadelphia: "It might be just as well if the war doesn't end too soon. For if it does, it will mean that Russia will occupy most of Europe, particularly the capitals of Vienna and Berlin. . . . The American people are sore at New Deal nonsense. They are tired of fools in high places. It is time for the Republicans to take over. We are of the best stock . . . and represent the real grit, brains, and backbone of America."

BUT STALIN, it now appears, is not a Communist after all. Thomas F. Woodlock, associate editor of the *Wall Street Journal,* writes in the magazine *America,* "There is no evidence that Stalin is much more interested in Communist ideology than he is in any other ideology."

THE LINDBERGH WITNESSES, a spiritualist organization of Lindbergh admirers, objects to Paul McNutt's classification of mediums and ushers as non-essential workers. "Ushers," it says, "form a very essential part of every church service and are made up of judges, lawyers, and substantial business men. . . . One of the staunchest friends mediums ever had is Mr. McNutt's own chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt."

WANT AD in the Boulder, Colorado, *Daily Camera:* "School Board election, May 3. W. F. Luhnow, editor, will purchase 500-word essays. Subject: The protection of our children from bastard Americans through the ousting of alien ideologists and their dupes from the supervision of American education." Mr. Luhnow is not the editor of the *Camera.*

NORWEGIAN UNDERGROUND sources report that the annual apprentice festival of the Oslo Handicraft Society, which used to attract about 400 people, attracted only one this year. He was the son of the Nazi official in charge.

FROM ENGLAND comes word that the Ipswich Trades Council and Labor Party has gone on record as "of the opinion that the growing 'Vansittart' mentality, as expressed in some recent speeches by British national leaders, is to be deplored because its effect is to strengthen the Nazi grip upon the German workers and so lengthen the war."

QUID PRO QUO: During the recent debate on the Dies committee Hamilton Fish read to the House a telegram from William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, urging the committee's continuation. A week later Mr. Fish paid off by denouncing the Hobbs "anti-racketeering bill" as a "gratuitous affront" to organized labor, which he pointed out had kept its no-strike pledge to the extent of 99.7 per cent.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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POLITICAL WAR EDITED BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Platform for the Left

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, January

THE last months have given us all, at long last, the right to hope. The superb courage of the Russians, the turn of the tide in North Africa, the unbreakable endurance of the enslaved peoples, the growing strength of the United Nations, all these are an assurance that the peak of Nazi power has been passed. No doubt there will still be setbacks and disappointments. No doubt, also, the road before us will prove hard and grim and long. But all rational calculation entitles us to believe that decisive victory lies at the end of the road.

I suggest that it is time for the working-class movement of the world to prepare itself to use the victory. For the triumph will have been the work of the common man. It is his effort that has made possible the organization of resistance and the preparation of the weapons. His, too, has been the faith which, even in the darkest hour, has never wavered. When all the credit is given to the four great leaders of the United Nations, the foundation of their achievement has been their ability to evoke from ordinary men and women a quality of determination that has not been surpassed in history.

The hour of victory may well prove the hour of danger unless the workers are ready to act. At present, they are gravely divided. Ideological differences still keep Socialist and Communist apart. National differences are still allowed to transcend the common interests they all share. The Third International remains a pale wraith of the Soviet Foreign Office. The Second International has become a complex debating society in which bewildered phantoms search in the angry emotions of the past for the means to prevent the unity of the future. The emigration has reached that ultimate phase of tragic futility where some of its members spend more energy on hating one another than on building the basis of a common policy. That fraternity which is essential if the workers are to win the fruits of victory is hardly visible. There is no common doctrine. There is no common policy. There is lacking even the effort in a serious way to formulate either—and there is no serious means either of discussing the problems we have to solve or of formulating the attitude we ought to take to each of the massive issues by which we are confronted. There are eminent Socialists from foreign lands among us in Britain, some of whom occupy posts in the provisional governments of their countries. But they do not speak to the peoples of the world with that single voice which is so vital to the future. Even propaganda to the enemy countries by Socialists is confused and uncertain.

I admit at once that a heavy responsibility for this position rests upon the British Socialist movement. It has failed to mobilize, still less to unify, the resources it could have commanded; and some, at any rate, of its leaders have been so moved by the passions which war lets loose that they have been anxious to stigmatize as new enemies those whom they should have recognized as old friends. Not less important has been the failure, so far, of British socialism to build any effective relation with the progressive forces in America, in China, and in India, and to insist that if, when the war ends, there is to be a continuance of that fratricidal strife which did so much to wreck the labor movements of Italy and Germany, and to blunt their strength elsewhere, the result of the war for freedom may well be the achievement only of a more bitter slavery.

I suggest to my comrades of the international Socialist movement that it is time we began seriously to understand one another. We have to bring into being an organization which can prepare for that use of the victory which is possible only with serious preparation. We are relying upon chance improvisations, which brought disaster after 1918, and will bring disaster again unless we have an agreed policy for which, from now on, we ask in all ways open to us the support of the workers everywhere as the day of liberation begins to dawn.

What are the objectives for which we must seek agreement? The list which follows I put forward for discussion merely; it does not claim to represent more than the matters which seem important to me. Others might make a different list, or set them in a different perspective than I do. I present my list because of my conviction that the time has come for an effort by Socialists to agree on a policy for attaining these objectives; and I am convinced that those who seek to hinder this effort are guilty of an irresponsibility before our problems which history will regard as a betrayal of the workers.

The objectives upon which agreement seems to me urgent are as follows:

1. An approach to the Soviet Union with the purpose of ending the schism between the internationals before hostilities cease.

2. An undertaking to do all we can (a) to safe-

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guard the security of the Soviet Union in the period of reconstruction, and (b) to promote friendly relations between the Russian working class and the workers of other countries.

3. A resolve to prevent, so far as we can, any attempt by the victorious governments to hinder working-class revolutions, especially by the denial of relief to Socialist governments which take power.

4. A resolve to prevent, so far as we can, the assumption of power in the liberated countries by vested interests which have cooperated with Nazism or its associates, or been favorable to its growth in the period before the invasion of Norway and the Low Countries.

5. A resolve to prevent, so far as we can, the resumption of imperialist exploitation at the close of the war; and a resolve to assist India to the attainment of full self-government.

6. While insisting on the disarmament of Germany and the destruction among its people of the social and economic foundations of militarism, a resolve to prevent the imposition upon them of a peace of revenge.

7. A resolve to do all in our power, as organized Socialist movements, to secure racial and religious equality for all peoples everywhere, and to fight against any regime which directly or indirectly denies this equality.

8. A resolve to do all in our power to recognize the right of each nation to the fullest possible cultural independence; but, at the same time, a resolve to prevent a return to the anarchy of sovereign states by organizing, as the basis of peace, a new international authority with the power, backed by the possession of force, to impose law upon states in matters of common concern.

9. A resolve to do all in our power that the various forms of propaganda make possible to stir up revolution in the enemy states, and a refusal to support governments which seek to come to terms with Quislings, actual or potential, in them.

10. A resolve to do all in our power to liberate the Spanish people from the Franco regime, and a refusal to support any government of the United Nations in its effort to "appease" Franco.

11. A resolve to urge upon the governments of the United Nations the right of the enslaved peoples freely to choose whether they will accept the personnel of the provisional governments now in London when Hitler is defeated.

12. A resolve to do all in our power to give education its full status in the post-war world in the knowledge that planned democracy is only possible as citizens are adequately trained to political and economic understanding; and an insistence that this status for education is only available in that expanding economy which a capitalist society can no longer evoke.

13. A resolve to demand now that the necessary organization be created, and the necessary personnel trained, to embark upon full-scale measures of relief and rehabilitation as soon as hostilities cease; it being fully understood that after the defeat of Hitler and his associates this relief shall not be withheld from the people of the enemy countries.

14. A resolve to seek to bring home to the workers of the United States the danger, both to themselves and to workers all over the world, of a return by their government to isolationism, with its inevitable result of driving the business interests of America into a policy of economic imperialism.

These are the central tasks to which a renovated international in London could, as I think, usefully devote itself. They are not tasks being undertaken today. We admire the great Russian resistance; we ought to make our admiration the road to unity. We watch with horror the grim spectacle of General Franco handing over refugees to Hitler's torturers; we do not organize protest against the steps taken by Britain and America to strengthen his power. The time for internecine disputes has gone; the time for action has arrived. The strength of our enemies lies above all in our own divisions. They are an invitation to the aggressor in that class struggle which continues while the war lasts and will not end with our victory as nations. If we could learn now that our danger is not less great than our opportunity is supreme, we might build that unity in the field of class struggle which is the condition of the workers' emancipation. But we must act today if we are to act at all; history gives men the favorable moment, but it leaves to their courage and wisdom the insight which takes advantage of its opportunity.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

AMONG the casualties of the recent battles in Russia is a thesis that has been for many months a favorite with Nazi propaganda—a thesis summed up in the slogan "Time is working for us." It was introduced about the middle of 1942, and was occasioned by an unhappy memory. During the First World War the word went all over Germany: "The English lose the battles, but we lose the war." Some time last summer Germans recalled this, and began to whisper that things were going that way again, that in this war as in the last, in spite of all the battles that had been won, "time" was on the side of the enemy. The expression arose: "We are killing ourselves with victories." To combat this, Goebbels launched one of his longest and most persistent campaigns.

In contrast to his usual efforts, which almost without exception are addressed to the emotions, this one was given a rationalistic basis. Through seemingly dispassionate arguments he sought to prove that the situation today

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was just the opposite of what it had been in 1917 and 1918. While Germany in those years was really becoming weaker and weaker as the result of the blockade, now it was almost automatically becoming stronger and stronger as a result of its conquests. The more land Germany occupied the more additional sources of raw materials and food it won. And the better it organized these additional sources the farther it surpassed its antagonists in strength. "Who forces space to serve him, is served also by time." To demonstrate this, special emphasis was placed on the space conquered in Russia. France and the Balkans were passed over as relatively unimportant. But the Ukraine! And above all—way above all else—the incomparable black-earth region of the Donetz and the Don! That alone, under superior German administration, could feed half the continent.

The Donetz-Don-Caucasus region, and to a lesser degree the Ukraine, was the chief element in the thesis "Time is working for us." Hitler filled great sections of his speech of September 30—the one in which he announced that Stalingrad would surely be taken—with variations on the theme that possession of these inexhaustible regions made a German victory ultimately certain. On October 4 Göring presented the same region as a guaranty that food difficulties had been overcome for all time—"1941-42 was the last bad winter." He prophesied enormous returns from the harvest of 1943. Even that most pressing of all German deficits, the fat deficit, he said would finally be made up. "For miles along the Don and the Kuban, as far as the eye can see, are fields and fields of sunflowers, and as you know sunflower-seed oil is better than rape-seed oil." With every year that followed, as the disorganization of war was overcome and "rebuilding" made rapid progress under the German masterhand, the blessing would grow.

It is certain that this was not just propaganda. The Nazi government had set its hopes on these regions. Of course the grandiose work of "German restoration" was and remained imaginary. But at least part of the acres were sowed in the fall or prepared for the spring sowing. The Berlin mathematicians expected not only that the army would live on the products of these provinces but that considerable quantities of food could be transported to Germany. Thus the defeats in Russia, aside from their military significance, have wrecked all German plans for feeding the people in 1943-44. And this was the second time such a thing had happened. One not inconsiderable source of grain, vegetables, fruit, eggs, and meat was lost with Algiers and Morocco. Much greater supplies were expected from Russia, and their loss will have a most distressing effect on a balance that was already precarious. It can be foreseen with absolute certainty that in a few weeks, or at most months, the defeats between the Volga and the Dnieper will lead to a sensible reduction of the German food ration.

The slogan "Time is working for us" is no less a casualty. For weeks it has not been heard on anyone's lips or appeared anywhere in type. It has evaporated into nothing, leaving not a trace; and that is logical. The astonishing gospel that this time Germany was becoming not constantly weaker but constantly stronger was based exclusively on the possession of just these fabulous regions. Now that they have been lost, or are in imminent danger of being lost, the foundations of the thesis have been shattered. Goodby to "Time is working for us." But what substitute is offered to Germans? By what argument will they be convinced that in six months the prospect is bound to be better than it is today and in twelve months still better? No plausible *Ersatz* argument has yet occurred to Goebbels's propaganda machine. Never has it been so plainly at its wits' end to find some halfway substantial fare with which to nourish hope.

A People's Poland

AN INTERESTING document has reached America recently: a program for a democratic Polish government. Entitled Underground Poland Speaks, it is the work of many anonymous people in Poland, representing the underground groups of peasants, workers, and democratic intelligentsia. The document comes to us through the Polish labor Group in New York.

The program deals with the tasks facing the first government of an independent Poland, outlining in the following terms the necessary immediate reforms:

(a) Agrarian reform. The great landed estates will be expropriated and turned into land reserves for parceling. These expropriated estates will be placed under the supervision of communal and district committees for land reform.

(b) Expropriation and transfer to the state, local governments, or cooperative organizations, of industrial enterprises which are suitable for socialization, and their utilization for social purposes.

(c) Reform of the fiscal system in the direction of a just distribution of the fiscal burden among all social groups.

(d) Annulment of all the decrees of the occupant [Germany] relating to the property and welfare of Polish citizens. All such property to be placed under the control of special agencies established for its supervision and protection.

(e) Proclamation of the criminal responsibility of all citizens who betrayed Poland and served the interests of the occupant.

(f) Establishment of special courts to try the officials, civil and military, of the pre-war regime who were responsible for the abuses perpetrated under that regime.

(g) The People's Government will establish a new electoral system for Parliament, based on democratic suffrage.

After formulating this basic policy, the program defines the essential conditions upon which the future Polish state must be based, among which the most important are: political democracy and parliamentary government, with effective safeguards; equality of rights without distinction of race or

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religion; an adequate system of local government; planned economy and industry, democratically controlled; a just distribution of the national income, with work as the only basis for a share in this income; recognition by the state of the essential role of trade unions, cooperatives, and similar bodies; strong economic and political ties with all the countries of Central Eastern Europe, especially with Czecho-Slovakia; a broad system of social insurance; an agrarian system based on small peasant holdings functioning within the wider framework of the cooperatives.

File and Remember

Moscow Speaks

THE Hitlerites have now joined the disinterested defenders of Europe. Goebbels's speech and Hitler's message on January 30 showed that the Hitlerites have again resurrected the Bolshevik danger to split the bloc of freedom-loving nations. Dragging out the obsolete and morally stilted watchword of the so-called Bolshevik danger is a sure indication of how Germany's ruling circles fear the imminent and inevitable sterile defeat. The Hitlerites cannot but see that the existence of a mighty coalition of freedom-loving peoples headed by the Soviet Union, Britain, and the United States dooms Hitlerite Germany to defeat.

Last summer and autumn the entire Hitlerite propaganda machine insistently tried to cause dissensions in the coalition of United Nations by stating that the second front would never be opened, as the British and Americans wanted to make the Soviet Union bear the whole brunt of the war. The Hitlerites had evidently reckoned that their temporary successes on the Soviet-German front could shake the fighting alliance between the Soviet Union, Britain, and the United States. These calculations suffered a complete crash. So now the Hitlerites are resorting to a new swindle, in undertaking the mission of defending Europe from bolshevism.—Moscow short-wave broadcast.

TVA for the Danube

It seems possible that Stalin, who will never make peace with Hitlerite Germany, might be satisfied, if he doubts Allied good-will, to drive the Germans from Russia and then leave the final defeat of the Germans to us. Again, it is almost certain that, as the Soviet armies advance, the resistance movement in Central and Southeastern Europe will see in the Soviet Union the one hopeful and unifying force. All these peoples are tired of being the cat's-paws of rival great powers; their need is for peasant liberation. On such a question there is every reason to strive for real agreement with the U. S. S. R. The Foreign Office may easily mishandle this situation; its tradition is not to plan anything ahead and to rely on the universal power of British money and the British fleet to improvise when the time comes. This is a most dangerous outlook today when British power is still large but its sphere of influence far more limited. The most foolish policy would be to attempt to interfere in areas where our strength does not enable us to do so with success. In that way we should lose the possibility of friendship with the Soviet Union, and we should yield with a bad grace when we might have come to an agreement with credit. Moreover, by failing frankly to discuss these problems of post-war as well as war policy with Stalin we neglect the best chance of a constructive peace, which lies in the development of functional services on the Continent—in the organization, as Mr. Wallace urges, of joint air services for Europe and the world, in the development of a TVA for the Danube Valley, now widely canvassed in a hundred exciting and constructive enterprises. Here we may have a real hope of collaboration with the Soviet Union, and a chance of a Europe which is not a breeding ground for another war.—The *New Statesman and Nation* (London).

A Partnership for the Future

There can be no doubt that one of the great magnetic forces in the future of Europe will be the Federation of Socialist States under the Soviet banner. There is nothing in this possibility that makes a free and prosperous Britain an impossibility provided we, too, read the signs of the times. If we are going to set up an alternative attraction of our own, made up of the Tories, the Girauds and Francos and Horthys, we shall antagonize all popular forces in France, Italy, Germany, and the Balkans. They will, naturally, seek help against our plans to foist the bankrupt statesmen once more upon their shoulders. They would naturally gravitate around Russia and against Britain.

This we must avoid in the common interest of Britain, Russia, and Europe. This we can avoid only by our frank declaration for the democratic and planned development of post-war Europe. We can do this only in partnership with the Soviet Union and the United States, and we can do it only if this policy is conducted by men who believe in it.—The *Tribune* (London).

His Majesty's Government

There are some in this country, not very many, I believe, who think that the existence of a Communist regime in Russia makes cooperation between our two countries in the long run impossible. I do not agree with them any more than I agree with those who think it is necessary to hold the Communist faith in order to cooperate with the Soviet Union in the field of international politics. It has not been my experience. In this connection Mr. Stalin himself recently made some observations which I should like to quote to the House. He said:

"It would be ridiculous to deny the existence of differences in the ideology and structures of the states which form the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition. But does this circumstance exclude the possibility of coordinated action by this coalition against the common enemy who threatens them with enslavement? Definitely it does not."

That also is the view of His Majesty's Government. When Mr. Stalin contemplates, as he clearly does in that speech, the extension of this three-power cooperation into the period of peace, I would say bluntly that in the maintenance of that cooperation lies the best chance of building a new and better international society after the war.—ANTHONY EDEN before the House of Commons.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

EDUCATION FOR THE NEW ORDER

BY SIDNEY HOOK

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN offers in his most recent book* a general theory of education from whose principles he derives a social and political philosophy as well. It is a significant work, but not by virtue of its insights or analysis. It commands attention because it brings into glaring focus assumptions of a school of thought which hopes to save democracy with doctrines that, until now, have been used mainly by those who would destroy it. One has to read this book in order to believe that it could have been written by a liberal convinced he is defending democracy.

As preliminary to the statement of his own position, Mr. Meiklejohn discusses the educational theories of Comenius, Locke, Dewey, and Rousseau. Comenius's universal pattern for education within the framework of a universal state is approved. But his theological bias is rejected as literally incredible in our scientific world. Locke is denounced rather than analyzed because, despite his piety, his individualism destroyed the theoretical basis of a unified society under a central authority. In treating of the individual and society, says Mr. Meiklejohn, "Locke has given expression to the characteristic Anglo-Saxon moral duplicity." Dewey is presented as a modern Locke, continuing the "false individualism of a disintegrating Protestantism." From Rousseau and his theory of the General Will Mr. Meiklejohn openly derives his clue. The General Will takes the place of God as the only and absolute source of all moral authority. The author seems unaware that weak as are the arguments for the existence of God, they are stronger than the arguments for the existence of a General Will.

Following Rousseau, Mr. Meiklejohn insists, in his own italics, that *"the purpose of all teaching is to express the cultural authority of the group by which the teaching is given."* Since the authority of the group is vested in the state, the state does and should determine the goal, methods, and context of teaching. Does this seem to imperil individual freedom? Not so, we are told, because human freedom "is freedom in and by the state." To the clarification of this paradox the author addresses himself. The state is not a secondary institution which administers common interests and mediates between conflicting interests that flow from primary activities. Nor is it ever an instrument of class or group rule. It is that without which men are not men. All we have, all we are, belongs to the state. It gives us our freedoms, can rightfully set limits to them and take them away. It can compel us to be free for our own good. No one has any rights against the state. If it constrains us or punishes us, we are still free, for, after all, "a state is its members, ruling themselves, obeying themselves, in accordance with a general mind, a general will, which is their mind, their will." Certain irritating situations may crop up in which there appears to be a conflict between ourselves and the state power, but this is an illusion produced by consciousness of interest which vanishes when we grasp the underlying and unconscious reason and harmony of the state. "The state is the whole body of the people, consciously or unconsciously taking directions over its own activities and those of its members." Conflict with the state is a form of self-conflict and is resolved when we understand that "the state is the best of us, trying to control and elevate the worst of us."

With a post-nescience that is truly uncanny Mr. Meiklejohn attributes these notions not to Hegel but to Jefferson and the Founding Fathers. The difficulty in this theory of "unconscious direction" is to explain how there could ever have been an American Revolution at all. Either Mr. Meiklejohn must believe that there was no English state at the time or that the Revolution was an illusion of interested consciousness. He cannot believe the latter. But if he believes that there was no English state at the time of the American Revolution, then it is hard to see how he can believe that there ever was such a thing as a state as he defines it—or how there could be. With all due respect, one cannot tell what Mr. Meiklejohn is talking about or how he would go about finding out whether what he is saying is true.

Less mystifying but no more satisfactory is Mr. Meiklejohn's discussion of the justification of democracy. With great fanfare he approaches the question: Why is democracy better than totalitarianism? He dismisses with scorn all attempts to answer it in terms of empirical fruits and consequences as they relate to concrete human interests. But although I have searched the pages of his book diligently, I have found no "proof" that will stand up for a minute. The nearest he comes to offering one is to be found in the alleged implications of two key statements: "The basic belief of our culture is that men are brothers"; "All those activities which we sum up under the term 'intelligence' are expressions of that kinship."

Take the first statement. Grant that it is the basic belief of our culture. Grant that the belief is true, that in fact men are brothers—theologically or biologically. What follows from it? How should brothers live together—like Cain and Abel, Jacob and Esau, or like David and Jonathan, who were not brothers? The validity of the democratic over the totalitarian way of life cannot be derived from kinship. Kinship, in fact, is not even necessary. With this Mr. Meiklejohn—rather inconsistently—agrees. For on the very next page he tells us that life cannot be lived rightly "unless men deal

* "Education Between Two Worlds." By Alexander Meiklejohn. Harper and Brothers. $3.

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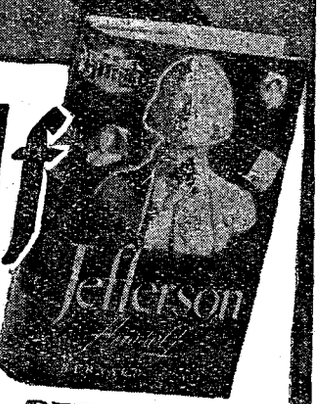

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with one another as if they were brothers." As if—even if they are not! On the next page he admits that the brotherhood of man "must be dealt with as a hypothesis." But no sooner have we reoriented ourselves to this new approach than we are told, "We must not treat men as brothers unless we 'know' that they are brothers." And in another eccentric spin we learn that "men are brothers only as they become so by their own moral and intellectual achievements." By this time the reader may not care whether men are brothers or not. Neither does Mr. Meiklejohn; for he now tells us that we can consider men as brothers even if they hate each other, provided we can say their hatred is wrong, since "the essential feature of the life of fellowship is the presence of principles in accordance with which judgments of approval and disapproval can be made." But this last is an essential feature of *all* social life, even of a head-hunting community, and not only of a democracy.

To his theory of human fellowship Mr. Meiklejohn tacks on, in the guise of a deduction, a recommendation for a world state, a common education with fixed goals and prescribed content, scholarship harnessed to true politics, training for world citizenship, and an extended program of adult education. Excellent suggestions—some of them. But those that a democracy can use are compatible with a theory of democracy entirely different from that of Mr. Meiklejohn. The impression some of these practical proposals make is like that produced by a speaker who, having lost himself and his audience in a fog of words, concludes with an impassioned burst: "Today is Tuesday!" And Tuesday it turns out to be.

Mr. Meiklejohn's book will undoubtedly gladden the hearts of semanticists, for it is a horrible object lesson in linguistic confusion. The pages are studded with capitalized abstractions that defy analysis. Customary distinctions are ignored. Words like "state," "government," "society," are used interchangeably; so that although the diction is clear, the thought is cloudy. Anything can materialize from it. In crucial passages one cannot tell whether Mr. Meiklejohn is stating a fact about political behavior or expressing a pious wish. The scholarship is faulty. Grave sins of omission and commission are made. Rousseau's thought had no influence on revolutionary America. There are many modern theories of natural rights that do not involve supernatural assumptions. The author is bitterly unfair to Dewey, whose thought he systematically misunderstands. He carries it to such a point that in one place he italicizes a quotation from Dewey giving the impression that the italics are Dewey's, thus creating a thoroughly false idea of Dewey's meaning.

Intellectually confused though this book may be, its social drift is clear, and its social importance enormous. In a world where the state is growing stronger every day it is an exaltation of the state in the name of freedom and reason. Mr. Meiklejohn is acutely aware that his doctrine is open to the charge of totalitarianism. His reply is that he agrees with only one of the two basic contentions of Hitler and Mussolini. This is that "the state must be strong and powerful, eager and able to achieve its purposes against all opposition within and without." (Compare this statement with the previous definition of the state as an absolute, albeit unconscious, unity of all its members.) The second contention, with which he disagrees, is that "the state can be strong and powerful only if it becomes a dictatorship, only if one man . . . rules ruthlessly over the many." The trouble is that if one unconditionally accepts the first statement, one must on occasions swallow the consequences of the second, for the latter is sometimes in fact true. If Mr. Meiklejohn insists that a state *must* be strong and powerful, then whenever it is in fact true that this can be achieved only by ruthless dictatorship, he is committed to it. One could argue, on the theory of the General Will, that in such a case the dictatorship is a dictatorship of all the people, including its victims, and therefore a democracy in a higher sense. But that would be a rhetorical indecency.

Mr. Meiklejohn sums up his rejoinder to the charge that he is unduly exalting the state over the freedom and dignity of the individual in a single assertion. On its truth, he tells us, he is content to let his whole position stand or fall. It is: "All the activities which give man dignity are done 'for the state.'" This is as false as anything can be, and its falseness is not mitigated by the converse proposition which Mr. Meiklejohn throws in as a sop to liberalism. There are other dignities than those of the market-place and public forum—the dignity of incorruptible scholarship, of courage against odds, of contained grief, of detachment, and of renunciation so complete that it transcends the state. It is not true that "man, at his best, is a political animal." On any reasonable philosophy, human personalities are prior to the state, not in the order of time or dependence, but in the order of significance. Every sensitive intelligence will reject the absurd alternative which Meiklejohn sets before us of worshiping either God or the state. The first may have therapeutic uses for the tender-minded, but the second means worshiping other men or, what is just as bad, ourselves. It is truer and more conducive to human happiness to regard the state as an instrument of social action whose goodness must be judged in relation to the interests of the personalities it affects.

"Interests" are precisely what Mr. Meiklejohn refuses to accept as a principle of understanding or evaluating state action. In consequence, when his book actually connects with the world of political realities, it turns out to be an attack upon an attitude which, so long as governments are run by men, we cannot have too much of, namely, vigilance against abuse of delegated powers. The trouble with us Americans, complains Mr. Meiklejohn, is that we have assumed that our public servants "need to be watched, to be kept under constant pressure by us. And the inevitable result is that we have had as public officials the kind of person who needs to be watched, who responds to pressure." And where in this wide world, in which temptation shadows opportunity, will we find an individual who does not need to be watched, and who can be infallibly relied upon faithfully to represent groups independently of their pressure? Can Mr. Meiklejohn name another?

The most charitable interpretation of Mr. Meiklejohn's position is that he has written a defense, not of democracy, but of a benevolent dictatorship by those who know what we ought to want better than we know ourselves. But one of the troubles with a benevolent dictatorship, even assuming that it has this remarkable knowledge, is that no one knows how long it will remain benevolent.

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We shall hear more of the social and educational philosophy advocated by Mr. Meiklejohn. It expresses with feeling and unrestraint a growing mood in the country. It is cut to order for groups who would like to save democracy from itself, not by appealing to common interests and negotiating those that are not common, but by invoking a Public Good or General Will, interpreted by themselves, that has no relation to anybody's interest except, accidentally, to their own. It is a philosophy for history's initiates who are so convinced they have the saving truth that all methods of discovery and teaching are to be judged exclusively by their capacity to affirm this truth. Finally, it is the "Mein Kampf" of all frustrated administrators whose enlightened projects have been shipwrecked in the processes of democracy, who would like to ram them down their colleagues' throats, make them like it—and still remain democrats.

In the pre-Hitlerian era it would be sufficient to say that this is a false and foolish book. In the era of Hitler it must be characterized as false and dangerous.

In Defense of Dante

DON'T TELL me," exclaimed an otherwise civilized person the other day, "that anybody ever really reads Dante." Well, I do; and what's more I read him for pleasure, and not to "improve my mind"—though the pleasure I speak of is probably not the same pleasure which enervates the readers of *True Confessions*. I hasten to assert that I have a conscience as well as a curiosity about experiencing those works of art which have entered, by common and continuous consent, the category of great literature. And it does not embarrass me in the least to say that every intelligent person *ought* to read Dante.

I seem to remember that Henry L. Mencken, who in spite of his late reactionary phase has the ingredients of a civilized person, once boasted that he had never read the "Divine Comedy." I thought at the time that he would probably be a better man if he had, though I myself had only read the "Inferno" in a literal English translation. Today, having negotiated most of the "Comedy" in Italian—ignominiously, with an English pony—I see all the more clearly that the joke, in this particular outflowering of Americana, was on Mencken and the other "leading intellectuals" who boasted in *Books*, and even in *The Nation* if I'm not mistaken, about the classics they had *not* read. Surely it is a curious and piquant circumstance that the vulgar desire for "culture" in this country had so infuriated those assorted highbrows that they themselves renounced culture (without quotation marks).

But to get back to the "Divine Comedy." It's very hard, as a matter of fact, to get back to the "Divine Comedy." It is hidden behind a mountain range of commentary, as high as the Himalayas, which has been thrown up in the course of five hundred years by scholars, critics, theologians. The fact that Dante's poem has given rise to so formidable an accumulation, which grows relentlessly year by year, is surely evidence of its vitality; for though one may smile at the spectacle of scholars carrying on heated arguments over the exact topography of the universe Dante created, such controversies are vivid tributes to the reality of that universe and to the imagination which created it.

Still, how is the average reader to discover that the "Divine Comedy" is a beautiful and simple story, as well as an exquisite poem, which has survived because among other things it is essentially the story of every human being who has achieved—or hoped to achieve—maturity?

The answer is simple: Turn your back on the mountain and read the poem itself. There is no question that the "Divine Comedy"—like the late great novels of Henry James—must show forth in its fullest glory to those who are *nel mezzo del cammin de nostra vita*—midway in the path of life—and have found themselves in a dark wood of which the very thought renews the fear (that too is better in Italian—*que nel pensier rinnova la paura*). Perhaps that explains why even the intellectuals of a country which runs to middle-aged adolescents can dismiss as an antique theological poem Dante's story of the crisis of the human spirit and of that spirit's wilful reassertion.

The "Divine Comedy," to be sure, is much concerned with the careers and punishments of politicians and popes long forgotten, though many of them still live in their modern counterparts. Dante was fighting, in his tract for the times, the annual as well as the perennial battle of the moral man—what other man is worth our trouble? But his particular "local color" of medieval Italy is more than offset for the modern reader by the images—in a "montage" that Eisenstein has never equaled—of the human situation. Consider, for instance, the scene in the first canto of the "Purgatorio." Dante and Vergil have just emerged from Hell. What sensitive human being, if he is still alive at forty-five, has not been through Hell, and emerged—or hoped to? The lovely morning light of Purgatory

> Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro,
> che s'accoglieva nel sereno aspetto
> dell' aer puro infino al primo giro,
>
> agli occhi miei ricominciò diletto,
> tosto ch' i'uscii fuor dell' aura morta,
> che m'avea contristati gli occhi e il petto.

"restored delight, as I emerged from the dead air which had afflicted my eyes and my heart."

Don't, above all, be overawed by the foreign language. After all, millions of ordinary people speak Italian; and no human language is as difficult as the scholars would make it out to be. Persist, and you will have countless incidental rewards such as the small ageless scene in the second canto of the "Purgatorio"; some newly arrived spirits ask Dante and Vergil for directions; to which Vergil answers, in effect, "We are strangers here ourselves."

TO CHANGE the subject rather abruptly, I'd like to pass on Louis Fischer's example of "Socialist realism"—which has fluttered the advocates of Stalinist and anti-Stalinist criticism. A Soviet writer went to Magnitogorsk to write a novel. (It's done that way in Russia.) He wrote a few chapters which he read aloud to the workers in the Magnitogorsk automobile plant he was celebrating. In the course of his narrative he referred to the fact that the road from the center of the city to the plant itself was very bad.

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"But Comrade," said one worker-listener, "by the time you get this novel written and have it passed by the censors and see it into print, a year and a half will have passed. And by that time, Comrade, that road will be a *good* road. So why not say it's a good road?"

I find this story very touching. It reveals the contradictions of socialism so vividly—and for all my hatred of Stalin, I find the contradictions of socialism more ingratiating, more human, than the contradictions of capitalism. Confronted with those workers at Magnitogorsk, I think even I might have been tempted to call it a good road.

POSTSCRIPT: Two days after shoes were rationed I turned up in an elevator at John Wanamaker's. A female who looked rather harassed, even for a housewife, was inquiring for the shoe department. "If the Jews," she muttered "haven't bought up all the shoes." She muttered other things—about LaGuardia giving them a tip on Sunday. "They sure work together," she said. I stood it as long as I dared. Then I said, in a very objective tone, "This store was not open on Sunday." The housewife in extremis turned on me. She looked me up and down. She grew desperate. After all, I was born in Utah and I am sometimes referred to as a blonde.

"Isn't that too bad?" she screamed. "Isn't that just too bad?"

She paused, and then she let loose her full fury.

"You would say that," she said, "you lousy little refugee!"

The audience was with me and we laughed her out at the shoe department. But I couldn't help thinking of the countries, and elevators, where the laughter would have been on the other side.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Hoc Est Corpus

I who am nothing, and this tissue
Steer, find in my servant still my maker,
rule and obey as flame to candle mated.
Whom bone has conjured, Banquo shall the bard
command, the marble rule Pygmalion—
did this tower build me, then, who am its garrison?

Strange that in me the shadow
moving the substance speaks—strange that such air
pulls the gray sinew, whom the blood maintains,
whom the heart's coming, slight defection
shall spill, speaks now and holds
Time like a permanent stone, its cold weight judging.

ALEX COMFORT

Goodby to Children

Their laughters darken as I go;
Through double windows I detect
How they distrust the ogre train:
Its errand all at once suspect.

No need; I shall be home one night
As it is written in our books.
So they are wrong. But the strange thing
Is how to them the leaver looks.

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Like something lost, their waving says,
Like something stolen, roars the steam.
Oh, these are wrong. I do deprive
Myself of more than they shall dream

Till they are big enough to count,
Till they distinguish proper gold
From what I go this day to bring;
And coming home with it, am old.

MARK VAN DOREN

America: Theme or Saga

AMERICA: THE STORY OF A FREE PEOPLE. By Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT. By Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. The Macmillan Company. $5.

IT IS natural enough that the war, marking a period in our national life, should provoke a deliberate estimate of what, historically considered, that life has consisted of. The two books under review, in very different fashion, exhibit facets of the same attempt. Messrs. Nevins and Commager retell with admirable succinctness and picturesqueness the history of America. Their very title defines their enterprise and their perspective. Our history is to them the story of a free people, that is, the story of a people which, whatever its failure and divagations from the ideal, has been with surprising unanimity committed to the ideal of freedom and to the contriving of its realization. The Beards, writing a coda to their "Rise of American Civilization" under the title "The American Spirit," try to define the idea of civilization in the United States. Far from unaware that our life in this country has its roots in a European past, they still make much of the idea that American civilization is a distinctive idea, a distinctive practice, and that it has a distinctive future. It is the distinctiveness of the future, indeed, which is the moral they draw, along with a fear that the involvement in the European and Asiatic worlds during the war may threaten that uniqueness and may imperil characteristically American civilization itself. Messrs. Nevins and Commager draw a different moral: that American freedom can only survive in a free world and that the war is the quite natural and fitting contemporary chapter of the story of America as a free people. Thus, for example, they conclude their work:

> In the great Civil War of which Whitman wrote America had shown to the world what her children really were. She had seemed then, in Lincoln's stately phrase, "the last best hope of earth." Now once more she was vouchsafed the opportunity to show the world what her children really were, once more the opportunity to fulfil her destiny as the "best hope of earth," to vindicate her title to a nation of freemen.

The Beards, after citing innumerable examples—from both the obscure and the eminent—of the use of the word "civilization" in the United States, come to a less inspiring conclusion: "There is one invariable in the history of men and women. This is war. And inasmuch as the efficiency of war in spreading death and destruction depends upon some degree of civilization, it follows that . . . the future of civilization in the United States has at least this much assurance."

The Nevins-Commager account is an admirably conceived one-volume history of the United States, calculated to give, say, to a Briton ignorant of our history or to an American who has forgotten it, not only the facts but the great sweep and the characteristic episodes, the climaxes and consequences, of major movements in United States history. It is as simple as a school textbook, but has none of the usual banality and dulness. There could hardly be a more timely moment to see that story in its world perspective, and the authors vividly show "how upon our development have played the great historical factors and forces that have molded the modern world: imperialism, nationalism, immigration, industrialism, science, religion, democracy, and liberty." It is the story of the impact of an old culture upon a wilderness environment.

All this is in part an old tale, but it is here freshly told, and one could go far to find a more lucid and evocative picture of the familiar episodes, here revealed as chapters in our history as well as merely chapters in a book. The authors succeed, too, in documenting the conviction suggested in their preface that there has been a "tenacious exhalation of liberty and a steady growth of democracy in the history of America." One of the intellectual graces of the book, and a moral grace as well, is that it does not for a moment hint that there have not been recessions from the ideal; and it gives frank consideration to those forces of industry, commerce, and politics which have impeded the translation of democracy into complete realization in all avenues of American life. Yet I do not see how anyone could read the tale here unfolded, from the "planting of the colonies" to the New Deal, without feeling a constant residual sense of freedom as a central motive and democracy as a constant growth in our national life.

The Beards interpret our history in terms of a controlling "idea of civilization." Charles and Mary Beard have been known so long for their probing and enlightened concern with the origins and character of American institutions that their attempt to define the American spirit in terms of a directive concept of "civilization" demands respectful attention. As one who has been long indebted to these authors for their insight and scholarship, I confess to a certain real disappointment. I leave the book not quite clear what the "idea of civilization" in America is. Nor do I feel that the idea is illuminated by the catalogue of quotations from all and sundry who have hazarded definitions of it, often incidentally in the course of other concerns. I am, furthermore—though the word and the idea appear often enough in American or in other writers—somewhat diffident of assent to the proposition that the course of American history has been controlled or directed or given momentum by such an "idea."

The Beards do, after 670 pages of an extraordinarily various and not always critically selective list of quotations, attempt finally to reiterate the notion:

> The idea of civilization embraces the conception of history as a struggle of human beings in the world for individual and social perfection, for the good, the true, the beautiful, against ignorance, disease, the harshness of physical nature, the forces of barbarism in individuals and

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society. It assigns to history in the United States so conceived unique features in origin, substance, and development.

The uniqueness of the idea of civilization in the United States is defined in terms of "the social principle," "respect for life," "optimism" (versus pessimism). It includes "total determinism and predicates an open and dynamic world in which creative intelligence can and does work." Many of the characteristics of the American idea of civilization can be found, as the Beards of course know, in thinkers of the French and English revolutions. Nor at the present time is belief in an open universe, in the dignity of man, in the "social principle" confined within our borders. Some of these characteristics have had, in special ways, a chance to flourish here, partly because it was once a new and pioneer society. But it begins to look as if they could not flourish here alone. The "American spirit" does not hover here only, nor could the "idea of civilization" survive here if it perished everywhere else. Quite apart from drawing different morals than the Beards seem to draw, however, it seems to me that a study of American civilization would be more fruitful if it exhibited more adequately the arts and ideas and institutions which exemplify civilization rather than traced the way in which the word has operated in the differing vocabularies of different writers from politicians to philosophers. Civilization is a complex flowering, not an idea beckoning in the local heaven above each separate country. I regret to have to say that the American spirit is better defined by other methods than by a record of the verbal attempts to define it.

IRWIN EDMAN

The Dyer's Hand

WILL SHAKSPERE AND THE DYER'S HAND. By Alden Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

WHAT Mr. Brooks sets out to prove in this book is that Will Shakspere was a boorish if witty butcher's son who made a name for himself as a coarse jester, became a play broker and brothel keeper, and acted as the agent for a retiring courtier named Sir Edward Dyer who wrote great poetry and drama but always produced it under Shakespeare's name. According to Mr. Brooks, Shakespeare was merely the Dyer's hand, the sottish and disreputable agent who took credit for the genius of somebody else.

On the surface Mr. Brooks seems to be the usual kind of crank whom students of Shakespeare have for many years exasperatedly done their best to ignore. But as we think farther about his volume, this explanation does not quite cover the facts. Perhaps if we examine the work of Mr. Brooks in the same spirit in which he has examined the work of Shakespeare, we may arrive at a different and more significant conclusion.

We are confronted by an anomaly at the outset. Why, in a time of war, when publishers are faced by a paper shortage, should one of our most prominent publishing firms issue a volume of 704 pages which is patent nonsense? Surely only the work of a distinguished writer could justify the procedure. At once we are tempted to look farther. What, we ask, is suggested by this name "Brooks"? It suggests water,

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movement, flowing. United with "Alden" it reminds us still more strongly of water, for the alder bush always grows near lakes and streams. Put the two names together, and you have a double image, a tree and a stream. Unquestionably there is something revealing here.

But at first sight neither of these facts seems to lead us to a satisfactory result. It is not until we turn to page 262 of "Brooks's" volume that we find a clue. On this page occurs the following highly significant phrase: "Jonson was certainly the player in question; for, as Ohambers shows," etc. The important word in this passage is the mysterious "Ohambers." To a casual reader it would seem to be merely a misprint for "Chambers," the name of the leading authority on Elizabethan stage history. But this is inconceivable: no publisher who considered it important in war time to produce a work like that of "Brooks's" would allow any errors in proofreading. We must find another alternative. Only one is possible. In spite of the omission of the apostrophe, "Ohambers" must be the name of an Irishman.

Who, then, is this "O'Hambers," and what is he showing? In Old Icelandic the word "hamalt," of which "hambers" is an obvious corruption, means "to draw up in a wedge-shaped column." It is used in no other sense. A column is a kind of tree. But the name "Alden," as we know, is also derived from the name of a tree.

We have, therefore, the following facts: (1) the book is written by an Irishman; (2) the author's name is connected with trees and flowing water; (3) any argument about the book, as the previous discussion has shown, is primarily circular. The final question remains: Who is the real author of this volume? Who is the retiring writer who conceals himself under the name of "Brooks" but who gives himself away under the name of "O'Hambers?" What modern Irish author has written in terms of recurrent cycles, and has used trees and streams as symbols? Why does the fourth line on page 688 of this volume begin with the letter "J"?

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The Wicked Wits of Hartford

THE CONNECTICUT WITS. By Leon Howard. The University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1865, admits that "Connecticut is pleasant, with wooded hills and a beautiful river; plenteous with tobacco and cheese; fruitful of merchants, missionaries, peddlers, and single women—but there are no poets known to exist there. . . . The enterprising natives can turn out any article on which a profit can be made, except poetry."

Eighty years before this Massachusetts opinion was set down it would have been thought as absurd as it manifestly is today. Any bright Connecticut schoolboy would have felt able to refute it by the mere mention of John Trumbull's "M'Fingal, a Modern Epic Poem," Timothy Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan, in Eleven Books," David Humphreys's "Poem on the Happiness of America," and Joel Barlow's "The Vision of Columbus, a Poem in Nine Books." Were not some of these lucubrations almost as long as "Paradise Lost"? Were they not all composed in close imitation of the best eighteenth-century English models and according to the specifications of the standard textbooks on the art of rhetoric? The fact was that long before Massachusetts or Harvard College had even scraped acquaintance with the Muses, Connecticut had a whole school of native poets, and Yale might have called herself a nest of singing birds. Sometimes called "the Connecticut Wits" and sometimes "the wicked wits of Hartford," these poets had been much admired—at any rate by one another.

Of course it has long been clear that these "wits" were not very witty, that they were not really "wicked" at all, and that the grandiose and pretentious "poems" with which they burdened the press of their day were almost devoid of poetry.

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For the most part their verse is incorrigibly sophomoric—a product of industry, servile imitation, and a misguided patriotism determined to show in spite of Minerva that America could produce a poetical literature commensurate with the size of Niagara Falls. It is a manufactured article, put forth by the approved Connecticut methods of quantity production.

And yet this tedious body of writing, very little of which will now let itself be read in any other than the antiquarian mood, was the work of able and highly intelligent men who attained eminence in the law, in medicine, in diplomacy, in education, and in military affairs. Their non-oratorical prose is often worthy of respect. Only in their verse did they fail to grow up—probably for the reason that they had no native poetical tradition behind them and no really critical audience to address.

Professor Howard devotes his book mainly to the literary careers of Trumbull, Dwight, Humphreys, and Barlow, the four chief members of the group, not because he has any illusions about the intrinsic worth of their writing as a whole but because he believes that the ideas and attitudes expressed or implicit in this writing may help us to a better understanding of the Republic's early years. He is particularly adept at tracing intellectual indebtedness, and one of the more valuable contributions he makes in this book will be found in his minute study of the educational influence exerted by the Yale College of a century and a half ago. He shows that it was a provincial college, miserably poor and badly equipped and inadequately manned. Yet he also proves that this college of pre-Revolutionary days put a stamp upon at least four of her sons from which, both for good and ill, no one of them ever quite recovered.

Of the four, Joel Barlow is today by far the most interesting man. His mock-heroic poem "The Hasty Pudding" and his fiercely bitter "Advice to a Raven" are still readable. His vigorous justification of the French Revolution entitled "Advice to the Privileged Orders" shows him to have been what we should today call a liberal of the extreme left. He held that revolution—preferably bloodless—is always warranted when it can be shown to be "for the benefit of the people," when it "originates in the people," and when it is conducted "by the people." He held also that society is responsible for the well-being of its individual members and that the state's main concern is not with the protection of private property but with the securing of evenhanded justice for all. He saw the foundation of social justice in equal educational opportunity. He it was, moreover, who first proposed a national university to be established at Washington with "the twofold object of collecting and disseminating knowledge." In view of these opinions it is not surprising that Barlow left Connecticut at the age of thirty-four and never returned to "the land of steady habits" in which Humphreys, Trumbull, and Dwight continued for many years to flourish.

ODELL SHEPARD

In early issues of The Nation

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The Cult of Innocence

THE HUMAN COMEDY. By William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

EVER since Saroyan became a stand-in for the American literary messiah, he has tried at the same time to hit the jackpot of popular taste and to hold on to some sort of reputation as a serious writer in the more highbrow journals. The result, of course, is that he has been regarded with suspicion in both quarters: he has been a little too cocky and confessional in a bohemian way for the commercials and a little too primitive and smug for his literary pretensions—a perfect middlebrow, sufficiently unsettled and unconventional, however, to promise the unexpected from time to time.

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A REPLY

A point by point analysis of Mr. Trilling's article entitled "M.; W., F. at 10" in *The Nation* of November 21, 1942 has been prepared by the Authors of *The Survey History of English Literature.*

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The reason, it is becoming evident, is that his seemingly intense and one-sided personality is just a mask for a statistically average fellow, amiable, sentimental, pious, lonely, frustrated, whose articulateness and posturing manage to exaggerate each one of these qualities. He has a touch—as the doctors used to say—of everything, a little of Eddie Guest, Billy Sunday, Ring Lardner, Henry Miller, even Hemingway. Hence he has been able to appeal to so many different kinds of readers and keep alive a sense of uncertainty as to whether he is a genuine *enfant terrible* or merely an engaging raconteur.

One cannot deny a good deal of talent in Saroyan's work, and his running theme of loneliness obviously represents some compelling feeling. But, unfortunately, it is the talent of the perennial young writer, painfully autobiographical and plaintive; while all his philosophical sighing about the fate of the little man, stripped of its rhetorical thrashings, comes down to scarcely more than the cry of a small boy lost in a big crowd. "The Human Comedy," for example—which, incidentally, is Saroyan's first novel—is remarkably free of the literary grimaces of his earlier writing, and it strikes one as a direct expression of Saroyan's state of mind. It carries on the typical Saroyan pathos of the small fry, but this time the subject is the unequivocal boy, who contains within the small orbit of his life all the longings and fears that Saroyan had formerly assigned to childlike adults.

The narrative, ever verging on the monosyllabic and commonplace, is in the vein of the picaresque boy's life; but lacking the sheer animal vigor of Huck Finn or Tom Sawyer or even Peck's Bad Boy, it attempts to compensate for it by a great show of moodiness. Hence the novel has the effect of a pantomime of adolescent feelings, constantly breathless but uneventful. The chief protagonist, Homer Macauley, aged fourteen, is practically by definition the heir to all human restlessness, and he rushes through the routines of school, family, athletics, job, with their quota of shocks, bewilderments, and half-understood gratifications. Through it all, however, Homer remains a regular guy, getting into a few scrapes now and then, but all the time preparing for the responsibilities of manhood. By some paradox of identification between the world of the child and that of the adult, Saroyon has managed to break down all distinctions between the two, so that Homer is invested with all the brooding of the displaced adult, while the bona fide adults in the novel are conceived of simply as overgrown adolescents, bogged down by a more complicated and rigid schedule.

The result is a rather puerile performance, compounded of infantile day-dreams and adult homilies. The importance of the novel, it seems to me, is chiefly as a symptom of the cult of innocence—the roots of which, to be sure, reach far back into American writing—that has lately absorbed so many of our competent, second-rate practitioners of fiction. As Lionel Trilling has recently observed in a review of current short stories, there appears to be some special need at the moment to "think of humanity as charming, virtuous, helpless, but strong in its helplessness," which has been reflected in an entire genre of facile atmospheric sketches about innocent people going through the motions of thinking and acting. And Saroyan, who always inclines toward the extreme, has carried this tendency to the point of cutting

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down the entire world of experience to fit his simple characters: the world of "The Human Comedy" is rather like an enormous five-and-ten seen through the eyes of a child.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

The Planning Age

GOALS FOR AMERICA: A BUDGET OF OUR NEEDS AND RESOURCES. By Stuart Chase. The Twentieth Century Fund. $1.

IN "The Road We Are Traveling," the first of a series of six reports on post-war problems written for the Twentieth Century Fund, Stuart Chase gave "a fast movie of a quarter of a century of economic history." In swift sequence he turned his camera on some of the basic trends which developed in that period, such as the acceleration of technological advance and the decline of the birth rate, and went on to show how these trends had influenced the growth of chronic unemployment, the expansion of monopoly, and the mounting participation of government in business. He concluded that planned economy was here to stay and that the urgent task of the planners was to satisfy the tidal demand for security while holding fast to democracy.

In his second report Mr. Chase sets up the mark at which a planned economy should shoot—a budget for the "national family," drawn up not in financial terms but on the basis of physical needs and resources. We now have in effect such a budget operating for the purposes of the war. On the income side we have the utmost production that our plant and man-power can make available; on the expenditure side we allot for civilian consumption the minimum amount of goods and services necessary to maintain health and efficiency, leaving the vastly larger balance to satisfy the multitudinous demands of total war.

When peace returns, we should, Mr. Chase thinks, adapt the techniques of war-time planning to insure that certain basic needs of every member of the national family are satisfied. Our vast resources, he argues, can supply a nutritionally efficient diet, adequate shelter ("where children can be reared in health and well-being"), and necessary clothing for all. In addition, education through high school or its equivalent and basic medical care should be the birthright of every citizen.

Mr. Chase has little difficulty in showing that we could achieve these goals without straining our capacity to produce. Nor would man-power be an obstacle, although the health and education programs would lag until more trained man-power in certain categories became available. On the other hand, we might reach these goals and still suffer from mass unemployment. Mr. Chase looks hopefully toward a revival of private investment after the war, but in view of the tendency of savings to outrun "profitable" opportunities for their employment, he anticipates the necessity for a long-term program of government-financed public works. As he recognizes, there is nothing original in this idea, which is now indorsed by large numbers of economists, but he does add to his advocacy of public works a valuable plea for a wider conception of the meaning of that term. "We can," he writes, "challenge our citizens with the greatest, most splendid, most uplifting series of public works which any civilization ever dreamed of. . . . Whole cities to be rebuilt and decentralized; mighty watersheds to be tamed, like that of the Tennessee; the forests of America to be put on a perpetual-yield basis, the grasslands to be restored, the entire transport system to be reintegrated; civic centers, libraries, museums, research laboratories, universities, public buildings, to reflect an aspiring culture in a new architecture."

Stuart Chase is so engrossed with his view of the Planning Age rising above the horizon that he tends to minimize if not ignore the political and psychological mine fields that we have to pass through first. Planning under the stress of war does, indeed, lend strong support to his arguments, but we have to remember that many ordinary citizens find their experience of war-time planning not altogether pleasant. They tend to see it less as a guaranty of future plenty than as a concomitant of present scarcity, as a kind of economy that implies rations and restrictions, cold houses and empty shelves. Thus a psychological resistance to planning is being built up and preparing the way for another political fling by those whose post-war program adds up to a revival of the slogan "back to normalcy."

Although Mr. Chase has not taken this situation fully into account, he has provided the best possible antidote to the kind of regressive escapism on which political reaction thrives. If his book circulates as widely as it deserves, it will

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have a great educational effect in promoting realistic and progressive economic thinking. For Mr. Chase remains the most persuasive of writers on the subject and the easiest to read. KEITH HUTCHISON

Music and Society

A NEW HISTORY OF MUSIC: THE MIDDLE AGES TO MOZART. By Henry Prunières. The Macmillan Company. $5.

WHEN I listen to arias from "Persée" or "Atys" it does not increase my powers of appreciation to know that Lully, formerly a palace cook, one day struck his foot with his conductor's baton and died of the resultant injury. And when I listen to early music I am not helped by knowing all about organum. But it does not follow that because loveliness is not revealed to me by these things I should scorn the study of great men's lives or take no interest in the history of the art of music. Again, Dr. Tovey once said that critics who are floored by the Eroica often prefer to talk about the French Revolution, to which that revolutionary music is supposed to have some relation. But ready as I am to admit that a familiarity with the deeds of Robespierre will not help one's reception of the music, I will not let Dr. Tovey bamboozle me into believing that there is no connection between music and society. And since there is a connection, then it is a proper object of study and one that a historian of music may discreetly touch upon from time to time, provided that he does not shirk the Eroica. Knowledge of is more important than knowledge about, but once a literature has become voluminous and quality is no longer a guaranty of currency, then knowledge about is often the necessary condition of knowing. And, rejecting the Handel-throws-his-wig school of history, as well as the criticism that rejects all scholarship not to be gained by the ears, it seems to me that the rule applies here also that the richer a man's general culture the deeper will be his penetration of any single part of it. What I demand, then, of a history of music is that it be principally a survey of the whole literature with emphasis upon the three musical values, but with a sober tracing of influences and developments also. The historian must have a grasp of musical techniques, which is not to say that I will accept a plateful of dry musicological crackers as a history. He must have a sense of personality, too, and a lively enough enthusiasm to send me to beauties I had not known about.

These qualities M. Prunières possesses in uncommon degree. Very simply, then, "A New History of Music" is a good book. In it the author's delight in music and his discrimination are as evident as his familiarity with libraries. He is lively, often piquant, and invariably honest, and in some fields his special enthusiasm readily communicates itself to the reader. M. Prunières will not displace the "Oxford History," but he will save you the weariness of Wilm and the mediocrity of Gray. Many, many yawns are saved you by a critic who can write of Palestrina's two books of Madrigali Spirituali that they "show some characteristic effects of harmonic transparence, but the listener soon tires of the shameful mass of conventional patterns and clichés. Palestrina may recall Raphael but too often he suggests Jules Romains." It is the lovely music of the Renaissance which calls out M. Prunières's best qualities. He writes of it with subtle understanding and imaginative flair. On later periods he is never less than satisfactory, with one sad exception.

A history of music from the Middle Ages to Mozart which fails with Mozart is rather like the Giralda without the added topmost tower which makes of the less than perfect original structure a thing of flawless beauty. But M. Prunières does fail. Mr. Haggin has often remarked that French musicians commonly misrepresent the music of Mozart, making of it a cold and classical bric-a-brac of porcelain and silver gilt. M. Prunières occupies himself far too much with biographical matter. He does not fulfil the intention expressed in his chapter headed The Formation of the Classical Style, and if he had done so it would not have been to the point in the case of Mozart. True, Mozart's idiom is principally the so-called classical idiom, though listening to the music one often is tempted to reject even this never-disputed thought. But examine that incredible andante of the pianoforte concerto in C Major, K467. Play over the heart-quelling phrase that begins in bar 37. Every single motif of it is a stock piece of the contemporary idiom and can be found again and again in Mozart and in his forgotten contemporaries too. But the whole sentence is of almost unbearable beauty, a beauty that suggests no period of time at all, that has nothing at all to do with idiom or style. Mozart, in a sense, barely fits into history, and the realization of that truth may have cramped M. Prunières's wit in dealing with him. This is a severe thing to say, I know, and having said it I must repeat that on the whole "A New History of Music" is a brilliant survey, guided by fine taste. RALPH BATES

Fiction in Review

UNFORTUNATELY most of the fiction of the last few weeks can pass in review only too quickly. Two women published novels which, by staying closely within the limits of their authors' talents, win at least minor laurels for good sense and taste: Janet Lewis's "Against a Darkening Sky" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is the nicely felt biography of a middle-aged woman devoted to her home and family, and Grace Campbell's "Thorn-Apple Tree" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, $2.50) is a small but very gracious restoration of Scottish-Canadian life a century ago. "Beneath Another Sun" by Ernst Lothar (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75) is the tragic account of what happened to a South Tyrolean family under Nazism; by no means a book of first rank, Mr. Lothar's story is conscientious and moving and has the distinction, among anti-Nazi novels, of avoiding the exploitation of horror for horror's sake. More pedagogy than fiction is Chard Powers Smith's "Turn of the Dial" (Scribner's, $2), in which the history of a small-city radio station provides the opportunity to repeat excerpts from several of Roosevelt's most important speeches as well as for the author to argue his own logic of personal and international morality. Twenty-five of S. J. Perelman's funny pieces—why do they always start so much better than they end?—are collected in a volume called "The Dream Department" (Random House, $2), but like most

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occasional humor they are less amusing in mass than they are taken one at a time.

There are four thrillers to be reported on. Although none can be guaranteed to set your hair on end, only one of the four—surprisingly enough in these times—rides its story merely as a political hobby-horse. The political equestrian is Mark Saxton, whose "The Year of August" (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), a rather tedious story of intrigue among the treasonable anti-Administration forces in this country, would have been improved by more action and less ideology. Inevitably, however, because their stories deal with spies and therefore with international affairs, the three other authors still make clear their political temperaments, if only indirectly. David Rame, author of "Tunnel from Calais" (Macmillan, $2.50), looks very much like an orthodox old-school Englishman whose characters go through their fairly incredible adventures with more energy than thought, and with excellent manners. David Keith, author of "A Matter of Accent" (Dodd, Mead, $2), is an orthodox American, or what I like to think is an orthodox American; his paralyzed hero—he had his first appearance in Mr. Keith's prize-winning "A Matter of Iodine"—loves Free France and undergoes his discomforting adventures in order to preserve for freedom the short waves to that stricken country. J. B. Priestley, author of "Black-Out in Gretley" (Harper, $2.50), is what I very much hope is a type of new-school Englishman; his agent of the British Intelligence has the mind to pause in his not very exciting adventures to speak forcefully if briefly of the social changes that this war must bring.

Finally, there is a novel by Stephen Longstreet. Last fall, under the name of David Ormsbee, Mr. Longstreet published a novel called "The Sound of an American"; now, under what I take to be his right name, he has published a new novel called "The Land I Live" (Random House, $2.50), in which David Ormsbee's brother, Driscoll Ormsbee, is nominated for President of the United States. If I fail to respond properly to the element of fancy in these splits in Mr. Longstreet's personality—and, oh yes, I forgot to mention that Gramp, maternal grandparent to the four Ormsbee brothers, in another phase of *his* life concocts recipes for the readers of *Gourmet* magazine—it is probably because I thought "The Sound of an American" one of the really unpleasant books of recent memory, so vulgar, lush, and self-indulgent that in comparison "The Land I Live" is almost a work of maturity and restraint. By any name, Stephen Longstreet is scarcely my favorite literary figure: to borrow the manner of his own irritating title, the man I read is not the kind of man I like to think wandering with a typewriter through the land I live.

Diffuse and pretentious, "The Land I Live" is difficult to get the point of. It is dedicated to "all the little people"; so undoubtedly it is a patriotic effort. Although the narrator is an artist, the hero has no such weakness: Driscoll Ormsbee is a lawyer who comes to power with the aid of a corrupt political machine but in maturity breaks with the political organization in favor of support from the masses and a life of idealism. And he, too, has his touch of schizophrenia; victim of a common form of political split personality, he is half a little person himself and half savior of the little people. Still, he is neither entirely distasteful nor entirely incredible as a potential President. It is Driscoll's youngest brother, David Ormsbee, creator of Presidents, who worries me both for the future of American art and the future of American politics.

For, as an example, when Driscoll is still an adolescent boy, his author has him talk to his kid brother about the "good rich mud," and this single phrase—there are scores of others—would be enough to make me suspect that no member of the Ormsbee family could ever grow up to be *my* hero. Or when David is inspired with a vision of Driscoll's future, he writes:

> A star fell and hit me. This was the time for Dris! I had figured it all out suddenly. Logic—schoolroom logic. What was lacking in the world was faith. A faith like old-time religion. A faith honest, earnest, and true to all these things handed down from a mountain in Sinai . . . a return to a faith of the little people, a love of mankind, an understanding, a tolerance of the rights of people. Of the rights of lovers and children and fields and. . . . Perhaps my head was a little hollow, my stomach empty of everything but whiskey and schoolroom logic.

Faith, stars, mankind, lovers, children, fields, and little people! I have the impression that to run this particular combination of words together into so few lines is to be drunk with platitudes, and that the alcoholic excuse is the final platitude of all. We have all the proof we need these days that to be soft with words and sentiments is to be irresponsible with ideas and eventually dangerous; so here is at least one reviewer who gives notice that should David Ormsbee's brother be acclaimed for nomination to the White House, she will not vote for him because she doesn't like his author's style.

DIANA TRILLING

Drama Note

"THE MOON VINE" (Morosco Theater) is a comedy about a small-town Southern beauty (period 1905) who jilts a missionary to run away with a barn-storming trouper. When I saw it, the piece had already been playing several nights, and the not too sophisticated audience seemed to be finding the whole thing amusing enough. Yet it had got a pretty bad press for the obvious reason that it is both rather old-fashioned and rather amateurish in exactly the way that critics and sophisticated playgoers alike find especially hard to forgive. Of the author, Patricia Coleman, I know nothing at all, but somehow her play kept suggesting to me that it had probably been prepared by a promising pupil in somebody's course in practical playwriting. At any rate it presents just that combination of elementary competence so far as the simple tricks of the trade are concerned with an equally obvious unsureness of touch which the eager amateur is likely to produce. Probably such plays have no place on Broadway, but it does seem a pity that there are so few ways in which they can be tried out with profit to the author and satisfaction to the right audience. Haila Stoddard is very lovely indeed as the belle, and Arthur Franz is attractive as the young trouper. Philip Bourneuf and Will Geer, two fine actors, apparently found it impossible to make anything out of relatively minor parts.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

DEBUSSY'S "La Mer," possibly his greatest work, of which a performance by Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony has been available for three years on Victor records, has now been recorded for Columbia by Rodzinski with the Cleveland Orchestra (Set 531, $3.68).

The new set offers one of Columbia's good recording jobs, which reproduces the sound of the performance with excellent fidelity to timbre (except for the muffled quality of the string basses at the beginning of the third movement) and lifelike distinctness and sharpness of definition. What is reproduced in this way is the well-disciplined and well-sounding playing of the Cleveland Orchestra under Rodzinski; whereas the Victor records reproduce with less distinctness and sharpness a great deal of the time what nevertheless is unmistakably the greater beauty and refinement of sonority and execution of the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky. Moreover, the music depicting the noon sun at the end of the first movement is one of several climactic passages which come off the Victor records with more power and splendor than off the Columbia; and the detail at the end of the second movement is heard more clearly in the Boston version.

Rodzinski's performance has been pronounced an effective statement of the work; but I'm afraid I must dissent. As I explained a few weeks ago, the years of listening to Toscanini have left me with the need of hearing in a performance the rhythmic and plastic continuity that one hears in his performances, in Beecham's, in Barzin's. One of Koussevitzky's deficiencies as a musician, for me, is his lack of the rhythmic and plastic sense that makes every tempo, every acceleration or retardation, every crescendo or decrescendo rightly proportioned to what proceeds and follows; in Rodzinski the deficiency is even more marked, and in addition he lacks the finesse that Koussevitzky has. If Debussy asks that a passage be *retenu* (shortly after the beginning of the sixth side) Rodzinski holds it back to the point where it all but curls up and goes to sleep; if Debussy asks for nothing at the end of a phrase (the English horn solo near the end of the first movement) Rodzinski makes a sizable pause before continuing; if Debussy asks for a swell in a violin trill marked *p léger* (shortly after the beginning of the second movement) Rodzinski produces a minor explosion; and he produces similar crude exaggerations of inflections and staccatos of chattering violins when this passage recurs on the fourth side. There are dragging tempos and excessive retardations and discontinuities in Koussevitzky's performance also, but not the crudities and brutalities of inflection—Koussevitzky's one comparable offense being his thunderous swell of drums and horns at the entrance of the cellos (shortly after the beginning of the second side).

Another recording job which reproduces the sound of the performance with fidelity, brightness, and clarity—though also with some hardness, and with the solo violin near and strong and the orchestra distant and weak in the slow movement—is to be heard in Columbia's set (530, $3.68) of Bach's Violin Concerto in E major, played by Adolf Busch and the Busch Chamber Players. Busch's simply and sensitively phrased playing of the solo part is beautifully integrated with the engagingly spirited and finished playing of the orchestra; and the performance will be enjoyed by those who hear in the work more than Bach's technical expertness coasting along on its own momentum, which is all I hear in it.

Very clear and hard also is the recorded sound of the Stuyvesant Quartet's excellent performance of Shostakovitch's String Quartet Op. 49 (Set X-231, $2.63). This work, written in 1938 after the Symphony No. 5, is offered as a brief, simple, unpretentious lyric interlude between large-scale projects; but one hears in its brevities, simplicities, unpretentiousnesses, and lyricisms the same self-conscious, posturing, glib smart-Alec; and it is clear that whether he writes big or small, epic or lyric, Shostakovitch writes as Shostakovitch, and writes bad music.

Why Columbia should be able to produce recorded orchestral sound as good as that of "La Mer," and not be able to produce anything better than the noisy, confused, dull sound of the performance of Sibelius's First Symphony recorded by Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set 532, $5.78) I do not know. Nor does the heavily over-emphatic performance itself provide a reason for choosing this set in preference to the one issued last spring by Victor, with a good performance by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra that is superbly recorded.

B. H. HAGGIN

BOOKS

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TO THE MEN in the Armed Forces

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Letters to the Editors

Not "Unessential"

Dear Sirs: Dero A. Saunders's otherwise good article on Men, Jobs, and Politics referred to the "millions of gardeners and jewelers and beauticians and clerks" who will have to be transferred to war jobs.

Few gardeners have asked for deferment on account of their occupation, and few will object to any other wartime responsibilities. But most will and do most strenuously take issue with the listing of their occupation as unessential, unnecessary, or superfluous.

At the present time, when food production is of prime importance, why throw aside the services of professional gardeners? These men are trained and experienced in growing the best quality of fresh vegetables and fruits. They have been quietly redoubling their efforts during the past year both in private and commercial gardens. Also their work in developing better economic plants and methods of culture should not be forgotten.

Due to stern economic and military necessity the work of the professional gardener in ornamental horticulture may have to be curtailed to a certain extent. But as a liberal art and as a builder of morale it should be preserved as much as possible.

The Department of Agriculture has been constantly exhorting the public to "garden for victory." The response of women and amateurs has been laudable. However, to prevent waste of precious seed, fertilizer, and man-power, who are better fitted to carry out and direct these efforts than the experienced men of the ancient and honorable gardening profession? WILLIAM H. SHEANE

Locust Valley, N. Y., February 13

Décret Crémieux

Dear Sirs: I. F. Stone, in your issue of January 30, makes an error in historical fact that I should here like to correct. He writes: "The Grennieux decree of the 1870's . . . gave the Jews of France the right to be naturalized." Actually, French Jews were permitted to take the oath of citizenship in accordance with a law passed September 28, 1791.

The Jews of Algeria were given equal rights as French citizens on October 24, 1870, in a decree called the "Décret Crémieux," named in honor of the French Minister of Justice in 1870, Isaac Adolphe Crémieux. Chances are this is the "decree" Mr. Stone had in mind when he inadvertently wrote "Grennieux decree."

BARUCH BRAUNSTEIN

New York, February 10

Among the Stars

Dear Sirs: I read with interest Professor Reinhold Niebuhr's article entitled Russia and the West. It seems to me that it is rather academic, founded more on theories than facts. The professor's head is among the stars.

Russia's policy for many years has been to abandon the former ideas of international revolution and to support Russian nationalism, to build up the Russian state. I believe that Joseph Stalin was sincere when he accepted the Allies' proposition to allow all people to select their own form of government. Anyway, after this very destructive war Russia will be busy for many years rehabilitating itself and repairing the destruction. The other Allies will also have troubles of their own readjusting themselves to changed conditions.

Professor, let us not cross the bridge until we get to it.

CHARLES W. SHERMAN

Vallejo, Cal., January 29

White-Collar Economics

Dear Sirs: I would guess that my complaint is similar to that of thousands of white-collar employees. Our salary increases are not nearly as great as those of workers in war industries, but the cost of living is up by one-third for us as well as for them. My salary, for example, is 11 per cent higher than fourteen months ago. My income tax, besides the Victory tax, is more than double last year's. If a 17 per cent pay-as-you-go tax should be enacted, my income tax would be still higher.

My claim is that the war worker who was earning $25 a week a year and a half ago and is now earning $75 isn't hit so hard if he pays a $600 yearly tax. His increments take care of that and still leave him in better financial condition than previously. Not so the white-collar worker. Taxes far exceed his increment.

My basic living expenses total $150 per month, not including clothing, medical attention, or entertainment. I contribute toward the support of an aged father, for which I am entitled to no exemption. And I no longer pay the whole upkeep on my car. Where can I cut?

Furthermore, I can no longer save a single dollar except for the purpose of paying taxes. It would be interesting to learn among which group those tremendous bank balances are accumulating. I'll wager it's not among white-collar workers. We present no danger so far as inflation is concerned.

It seems to me, there is a real problem for a large segment of the population. I know there's a war going on and I know we're expected to make sacrifices. I know that compared to the armed forces, we're being asked for very little. And I'm perfectly ready to pay my income tax, even if I had an alternative. But as someone before me has said, you can't get blood out of a turnip. Another tax increase and I must withdraw support from my home, 900 miles away. I've already cut my contributions to charity and the purchase of war bonds. I just don't have the money any longer.

Have you an answer?

B. H. C.

Camp Tyson Area, February 11

(Adv.)

Dear Sirs: As the publishers announced in a recent advertisement in *The Nation,* the authors of "The Survey-History of English Literature" have prepared a reply to my article, M., W., F. at 10, and this pamphlet will be sent free upon receipt of a postcard.

I should like to urge readers of *The Nation* to send for the pamphlet. It quotes far more from the "Survey-History" than I had space for, and its exposition of theory will be interesting to anyone concerned with literature or literary education. The address is Barnes and Noble, Fifth Avenue at Eighteenth Street, New York.

LIONEL TRILLING

New York, February 18

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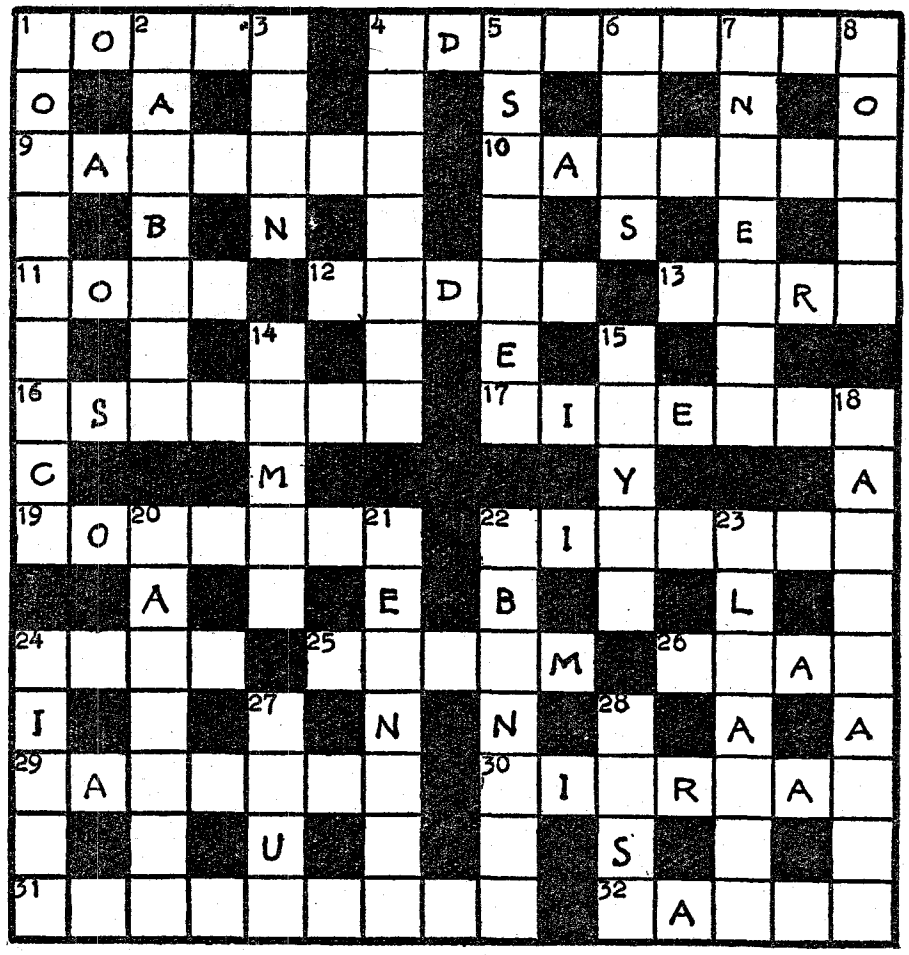
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 2

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Seeing me in my little bed is a heavenly spectacle
4 It states the newspaper's own opinion
9 Anxiety about a bin produces a cavalry weapon
10 Aunt is in this sort of house and she can't leave it
11 What the tactless steward offered the seasick passenger?
12 Chair formerly carried by *Danes*
13 No wonder progress looks alarming with this at the heart of it!
16 Attack started by a donkey
17 Word for word
19 Horseshoe rivet
22 Is beer intended for this complaint?
24 Girls thus named would form an *army*
25 Palindromic feminine title
26 "One hug" from him would be "enough"
29 Are *men glad* when their shirts are this by the laundry?
30 A daily journal
31 Cat a Ma ran (put it together and see what you get)
32 Wait a minute, I'm covered with tar!

DOWN

1 Bird and fish produce an insect
2 The Elgin ones are in the British Museum
3 This will give you a *hint*, though slender
4 Eve is followed by the rest up a mountain
5 An outcast makes *his meal*
6 Here the burden is on us
7 Think of a number! this may be it
8 "And where care - - - - - s, sleep will never lie" (Romeo and Juliet)
14 *Maud's* all over the place with a French novelist
15 Fashion that sounds as if it wanted some getting over
18 A belated recovery comes from the side
20 One bart (anagram)
21 Hero worshipper
22 A good cigar should not be smoked with this
23 Her husband made her cross all over the kingdom
24 Ape
27 The best part of all
28 Work of art that isn't really smashed

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1

ACROSS:—1 SHADE; 4 LAP; 6 TITAN; 9 TORNADO; 10 LATTICE; 11 RECITE; 14 GLOSSY; 15 ERASURE; 16 RITE; 17 ASIA; 19 ANCHOVY; 20 EXIT; 22 NOAH; 24 STALEST; 26 SPECIE; 27 THWART; 31 OMITTED; 32 LOUNGER; 33 TENOR; 34 TEA; 35 HOSTS.

DOWN:—1 SATYR; 2 APRICOT; 3 ECARTE; 4 LOOT; 5 PILE; 6 TATTLE; 7 THIRSTS; 8 NEEDY; 12 ERINITE; 13 ASPHALT; 14 GRAVEST; 16 ROE; 18 ASH; 21 IBERIAN; 23 ORANGES; 24 SITTER; 25 THRUSH; 26 STOUT; 28 TIRES; 29 EDIT; 30 FLEA.

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